

ROOSEVELT  
AS THE POETS  
SAW HIM





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ROOSEVELT  
AS THE POETS SAW HIM

## THE ARMY'S TRIBUTE TO COLONEL ROOSEVELT

*EVERYWHERE* on earth American flags to-day are flying at half-mast, for T. R. is dead. He, whose vitality, as great as America's own, could energize a continent, died tranquilly in his sleep last Monday morning. The returning soldiers will find many changes in their country, but none that will touch them all more nearly than this, for our generation has lost a great companion. It will seem strange when we go home—for a long time it will seem strange—no longer to hear his familiar voice there, no longer to see the light from his window shining across America.

Never did any American have quite such a hold as his on the imaginations of his countrymen, and there is no American anywhere in the world to-day who has heard unmoved the news of his death. Yet on the affections of the A. E. F. he had a special claim. His four sons were of us. One lies buried now in a field near the Ourcq, the wounds of another long since sent him home, and it was a new Colonel Roosevelt who, limping slightly, led the troops of the 26th Infantry into Germany. Of all the banners won in a long and ardent life, that was the proudest—that four-starred flag which hung outside the house at Oyster Bay. His four sons and his heart were with us and, as all men know, it was the great grief of his life that he could not be with us himself.

*Stars and Stripes.*

ROOSEVELT  
AS THE POETS SAW HIM

TRIBUTES FROM THE SINGERS OF  
AMERICA AND ENGLAND TO  
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

EDITED BY  
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WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY  
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NEW YORK  
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1923

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Printed in the United States of America  
Published February, 1923



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1912 Mar. 10-23

TO  
EDITH KERMIT ROOSEVELT

*He was found faithful over a few things and he was made ruler over many; he cut his own trail clean and straight and millions followed him toward the light.*

*He was frail; he made himself a tower of strength. He was timid; he made himself a lion of courage. He was a dreamer; he became one of the great doers of all time.*

*Men put their trust in him; women found a champion in him; kings stood in awe of him, but children made him their playmate.*

*He broke a nation's slumber with his cry, and it rose up. He touched the eyes of blind men with flame and gave them vision. Souls became swords through him; swords became servants of God.*

*He was loyal to his country, and he exacted loyalty; he loved many lands, but he loved his own land best.*

*He was terrible in battle, but tender to the weak; joyous and tireless, being free from self-pity; clean with a cleanness that cleansed the air like a gale.*

*His courtesy knew no wealth or class; his friendship, no creed or color or race. His courage stood every onslaught of savage beast and ruthless man, of loneliness, of victory, of defeat. His mind was eager, his heart was true, his body and spirit defiant of obstacles, ready to meet what might come.*

*He fought injustice and tyranny; bore sorrow gallantly; loved all nature, bleak places, and hardy companions, hazardous adventure and the zest of battle. Wherever he went he carried his own pack; and in the uttermost parts of the earth he kept his conscience for his guide.*

*Hermann Hagedorn*

THE Editor thanks the poets for their generous co-operation in the preparation of this volume. Valuable assistance was rendered him by Mrs. Clara Thackeray Hillman, Marion Couthouy Smith, and Margaret Boyce Bonnell. Various publishers, too, have kindly given copyright releases, and the Roosevelt Memorial Association lent their scrap-books and many volumes from their library, not otherwise accessible. The work could not have gone forward without the valuable aid of Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Douglas Robinson, who were tireless in their help and encouragement.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poem, "Great-Heart," is included in this volume by special permission from him. It is copyrighted both in England and America, and must not be reprinted. Edith Wharton's "With the Tide" first appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and is likewise reprinted by the author's permission, as is also Owen Wister's birthday poem. Robert Underwood Johnson's poem is from his "Poems," published in 1908 by the Century Company. Mr. Moore's "San Juan" is from "Lays of Chinatown, and Other Verses," published in 1899 by H. Ingalls Kimball. Bliss Carman's "The Rough Rider" is from

a volume bearing that title, published and copyrighted by Mitchell Kennerley, and this poem is reproduced by special permission. Marion Couthouy Smith's "Ballad of the Rough Riders" is from her volume, "The Electric Spirit," published by Richard Badger.

It is to be regretted that the authorship of several anonymous tributes could not be traced.

C. H. T.

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## INTRODUCTION

**S**HORTLY after the death of my brother, Theodore Roosevelt, many people began to collect poems written about him at the time. Amongst others, Mrs. Clara Thackeray Hillman took great pains to gather as many as she could find. She has kindly passed her collection on to Mr. Charles Hanson Towne and myself. We were able to make valuable additions to it, and we also decided not to limit the proposed volume to elegiac poems, as it seemed inappropriate that one who, we felt, would always be so living a personality, should be known in verse only by poems commemorative of his death.

Theodore Roosevelt had always been a romantic figure, and the poets had felt him to be so almost from the beginning of his varied career.

There was something from the first of the legendary about him; and when one thought of him, the figures of Roland and Siegfried and Olaf came swiftly to mind. Poets love the adventurous spirit, and

delight in the unforeseen and the dramatic, and no other public man of our day has ever—perhaps for these very reasons—appealed to them so much.

He, himself, was a great lover of poetry. As a young boy, in his school-days in Dresden, he would recite with ardor Körner's "Song of the Sword," or parts of the Nibelungenlied. The "Chanson de Roland" was often on his lips, as was Browning's "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came." I can still hear him chanting Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf," or Swinburne's "Forsaken Garden," or later still Kipling's "Ballad of the Three Sealers." He loved the long swing of sonorous lines such as those in Browning's "Saul," or quaint old singing ballads like "Sir Patrick Spens," and many in Percy's *Reliques*, and he delighted in Edgar Allan Poe's weird, cryptic music.

As a freshman in Harvard College he frequently gathered his friends about him in his rooms in the evening, and, after sparring and wrestling for a while, the young men would have what he called a "coffee party." Thus refreshed, they would settle down to an hour or two with the poets. After one such occasion he wrote me with satisfaction of having initiated some of his

less literary classmates into the delights of Tennyson and Poe.

He loved the poets, and it was not strange that they, too, should have loved him.

Just as he laughed heartily at the cartoons of himself that from time to time appeared in the newspapers, so, too, he would be much amused at some rhymed skit accentuating some one of his unusual actions.

Pleased, also, he was at the ringing ballads inspired by his courageous efforts during the Spanish-American War, when his picturesque regiment of Rough Riders, led by their beloved Colonel, gained such a hold upon the imagination of the people of the United States that their name became synonymous with Romance itself.

His knowledge of the modern poets was extraordinary. How he found time to read and know their work, in so accurate a fashion, surprised even me.

Immersed as he was in the most active of public lives, with endless calls upon his time and attention, and making equally endless responses to these calls, he nevertheless missed no opportunity to make himself conversant with the new work of the singers; nor, indeed, did he ever fail to lend them material assistance when possible.

One afternoon, shortly before his serious

illness in February, 1918, he met, at my house, a number of verse-writers, and each and all, after a brief conversation with him, turned away astonished at his familiarity with their work and his power of quoting large portions of it.

As President of the United States, the poets were always welcome at the White House, or at Sagamore Hill. Yeats, Masefield, Noyes, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Edgar Lee Masters, Bliss Carman, Madison Cawein, Hermann Hagedorn, Charles Hanson Towne, and many others were ever warmly received.

I, myself, had the pleasure of introducing to him both John Masefield and Edgar Lee Masters. The former motored with me to Sagamore Hill for luncheon, and afterward he spoke with interest of the way in which Colonel Roosevelt not only knew his poems from cover to cover, but was familiar also with the quaint pieces of almost unknown history upon which many of his stories in verse were founded. My brother was deeply interested in Mr. Masters's striking "Spoon River Anthology," but earnestly exhorted him to show more of the beautiful side of life and more of the finer characteristics which he always maintained were to be found in human nature. After his first



---

meeting with Mr. Masters he was anxious to have more talk with this poet whose power he gladly acknowledged; and the result was that visit to Sagamore Hill, which enabled Mr. Masters to paint Theodore Roosevelt at his home in so vivid a manner.

As I have said, Mr. Towne and I did not feel that so vital a spirit could be portrayed only by the poetry, no matter how exalted, written in grief at my brother's passing; and so we have compiled this Anthology of verse which depicts not only the sorrow and indeed despair of a great nation at the loss of one of her most trusted leaders and beloved sons, but which includes also the more homely, the more humorous, the merrier sketches in which are shown the tenderness and gaiety that he likewise inspired.

We are convinced that in having presented in condensed form the story of Theodore Roosevelt as the poets saw him, we have given to the public a kaleidoscopic view of his public career. If one should read this collection, and *nothing more*, one could still get a comprehensive idea of the love of the people for this man of manifold and generous activities.

We laugh with one poet, we weep with

another; and with burning eyes and throbbing hearts we rise to the heights of Edith Wharton's "With the Tide," or Rudyard Kipling's "Great-Heart."

Surely there never was penned a truer word in this critical moment of the history of all nations than

"Oh, our world is none the safer  
Now Great-Heart hath died!"

CORINNE ROOSEVELT ROBINSON.

*November, 1922.*

THE EARLY YEARS



## A BOY OF OLD MANHATTAN

A BOY of old Manhattan,  
A boy as you and I,  
Once watched its towers rising  
Until they spanned the sky.

A boy of old Manhattan,  
With granite in his soul,  
Beheld the star of Lincoln  
Above his steepled goal.

A boy of old Manhattan  
Built upward hour by hour;  
The edifice he visioned  
Became a nation's tower!

*Morris Abel Beer*

## ON A CANDIDATE ACCUSED OF YOUTH

THEODORE ROOSEVELT, 1886

“TOO young,” do they call him? Who  
say it? Not they  
Who have felt his hard stroke in the civic  
affray,  
When elders, whom veteran fighters had  
taught  
Till they knew all the rules by which battles  
are fought,  
Fumbled weakly with weapons his foresight  
had sought.

Who thinks of his youthfulness? Surely  
not they  
Who stood at his side through the wavering  
day,  
And knew the quick vision, the planning  
exact  
Of parry and thrust, till the stout helmet  
cracked  
'Neath the bold and true blow that is better  
than tact.

Yea, the strength of the arm is the strength  
of its use,  
Not its years; and when fighting is on,  
better choose  
Not the rust-eaten sword from the library  
wall,  
But the new blade that leaps in its sheath  
at the call,  
Ask the foe by which weapon he fears more  
to fall!

*Robert Underwood Johnson*

ON READING OF THEODORE ROOSE-  
VELT'S WORK AS POLICE  
COMMISSIONER

(1896)

**M**EN of his mould arouse the dawdling  
days—  
Rough, ready men whose mood is ever the  
same;

---

Unheeding scorn; unmoved by love or fame,  
Above the realms of common prayer or  
praise

Who tread in silent solitude their ways;  
Who take life as a duty, not a game,  
Who seek for work amid earth's cheap ac-  
claim,

While o'er them peaceful Death holds high  
Life's bays.

It is a sight to see men of such breed;  
Men of this old and simple-minded mien;  
Who look first to the great world's foremost  
need,

Who mask no honest thought behind Tact's  
screen,

But speak out like a soul that newly wakes  
To war for God till Wrong or Error quakes.

*William Noble Roundy*





THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR



## THE ROUGH RIDER

WHERE lift the peaks of purple,  
Where dip the dusty trails,  
Where gleaming, teeming cities  
Lie linked by shining rails,  
By shadow-haunted camp-fire,  
Beneath the great white dome,  
In saddle and in council  
Intrepid and at home,

Who is the hardy figure  
Of virile fighting strain,  
With valor and conviction  
In heart, and hand, and brain?  
Sprung from our old ideals  
To serve our later needs,  
He is the modern Roundhead,  
The man who rides and reads.

No pomp of braid and feathers,  
No flash of burnished gear,  
He wears the plainsman's outfit,  
Sufficient and severe.  
With no imperial chevron  
Upon his khaki sleeve,  
He thinks by no made doctrine,  
He speaks by no man's leave.

The breed and creed and schooling  
Of Harvard and the plains,  
Six hundred years of fighting

For freedom in his veins,  
Let no one think to wheedle,  
To buy, coerce, or cheat,  
The man who loves the open,  
The man who knows the street.

He rides not for vainglory,  
He fights not for low gain,  
But that the range of freedom  
Unravaged shall remain.  
As plain as Bible language  
And open as the day,  
He challenges injustice,  
And bids corruption stay.

Take up, who will, the challenge;  
Stand pat on graft and greed;  
Grow sleek on others' labor,  
Surfeit on others' need;  
Let paid and bloodless tricksters  
Devise a legal way  
Our common right and justice  
"To sell, deny, delay."

Not yesterday nor lightly  
We came to know that breed;  
Our quarrel with that cunning  
Is old as Runnymede.  
We saw enfranchised insult  
Deploy in kingly line,  
When broke our sullen fury  
On Rupert of the Rhine.

At Newbury and Worcester,  
Edgehill and Marston Moor,  
We got the stubborn courage  
To dare and to endure.  
From Ireton and Cromwell  
We learned the sword and rein;  
Free speech by truth made fearless,  
From Hampden, Pym, and Vane.

A thousand years in peril,  
By privilege oppressed,  
With loss beyond requital,  
Unflinching in our quest,  
We sought and bought our freedom  
And bore it oversea;  
To keep it still unblighted,  
We rode with Grant and Lee.

Now, masking raid and rapine  
In debonair disguise,  
The foe we thought defeated  
Deludes our careless eyes,  
Intrenched in law and largess  
And the vested wrong of things,  
Cloaking a fouler treason  
Than any faithless king's.

He takes our life for wages,  
He holds our land for rent,  
He sweats our little children  
To swell his cent per cent;

With secret grip and levy  
On every crumb we eat,  
He drives our sons to thieving,  
Our daughters to the street.

He lightly sells his honor,  
He boldly shames our pride,  
And makes our cause a scandal  
For the nations to deride.  
So crafty, yet so craven!  
One whisper through the mart  
Can send him to his coffers  
With panic in his heart.

With no such feeble rancor  
As envy moves to hate,  
No ignorant detraction  
Of goodly things and great,  
But with the wrath unbridled  
Of patriots betrayed,—  
Of workers duped by brokers,  
Of brothers unafraid,—

Against the grim defenses  
Where might and murrain hide,  
Unswerving to the issue  
Loose-reined and rough we ride  
Full tardily, to rescue  
Our heritage from wrong,  
And 'stablish it on manhood,  
A thousand times more strong.

Comes now the fearless Message,  
The leader, and the time  
For every man to muster  
For honor or for crime.  
Who would not ride beside him  
Into the toughest fight—  
For freedom, the republic,  
And everlasting right!

*Bliss Carman*

### ROUGH RIDING AT EL CANEY

**I**T was on July the first,  
In the year of '98,  
When the shells began to burst,  
And the air to palpitate  
With blood and heat and Santiago stench,  
That a four-eyed man in buff,  
With a smile 'twas good to see,  
Yelled, "You riders in the rough,  
Will you climb that hill with me,  
And drive those bloody Dagoes from their  
trenches?"

Then all the rough riders said, "Yes, sir, we  
will!  
With the greatest of pleasure we'll charge  
up that hill.  
Wherever there's scrapping we're bound to  
be there;  
You lead, and we'll wallop those Spaniards  
for fair!"

Then the shells began to rain,  
And the Mauser's shot to kill.  
But the men thought of the *Maine*,  
And they went on up the hill,  
A-singing of the "Star-Spangled Banner."  
And they laughed, and shot, and swore  
They would climb that hill behind him,  
If they had to swim in gore  
And go halves with hell to find him—  
Our Teddy rode in such a handsome manner.

Just then—biff!—a bullet knocks over his  
horse.  
But Teddy jumped off him, right side up,  
of course!  
And he brandished his sword and went on  
up that hill,  
With a yell that the Spaniards are shaking  
at still.

Oh, we swarmed along the crest  
Of the hill of El Caney;  
And our bravest and our best  
Shed their blood that fearful day,  
But they drove the flying Spaniards all  
before them!  
And they didn't care a cuss  
For a bullet more or less,  
And they didn't make a fuss  
When they fell and died there, yes—  
With the Star-Spangled Banner flying o'er  
them!

*John Paul Boccock*



SAN JUAN

A HEALTH to you, Teddy,  
A victor already—  
The Spaniards before you don't know you,  
old man—  
The brain and the vigor  
That glow in your figure,  
The courage and brawn in your picturesque  
clan,  
'Twill be a wild meeting—  
A Killkenny greeting—  
When you're introduced on the heights of  
San Juan.

I picture you, Teddy,  
You scarce can stand steady,  
A roused lion balancing, ready to spring—  
To men of the Don set,  
To parry your onset,  
Your rough bronco riders will not do a  
thing—  
Save to shoot and to sabre,  
To club and belabor,  
Like devils incarnate to sweep down their  
wing.

For *we* know you, Teddy!—  
When riled, slightly heady,  
A stone wall or *chevaux de frise* would not  
stay—  
The spur of a trocha

Would be but a joke, a  
Mere burr to a mustang to prick on to fray;  
Wow! nothing could curb you,  
Affright or perturb you—  
“To hell with Spain’s misrule!” I fancy you  
say.

Up-hill dashes Teddy,  
The bullets of lead he  
Despises as paper wads hurtled with force—  
The shells that burst near him,  
Nor touch him nor queer him,  
The death of his charger delays not his  
course—  
(If that nag had his spirit,  
Or anything near it,  
The U. S. has lost there a mighty good horse).

In falling, jumps Teddy,  
“Quick, follow me!” said he,  
And waving his sword he runs on ahead  
still—  
Before him, behind him,  
Each side him to blind him,  
Were’t not for his glasses the dust of the hill  
Arises as bullets,  
From mole-hills and gullets,  
Though others drop stricken, they do him  
no ill.

The foe watches Teddy,  
Expecting that dead he

Will tumble, but really that's not Teddy's  
game—

The Spaniards, in fighting,  
Fire once upon sighting,  
And then flee to cover—retreat is no shame;  
If Teddy's polite, too,  
And all his men right, too,  
Spain thinks they should battle exactly the  
same.

But, lo! they saw Teddy  
Advance as they fled; he  
Kept on with his men till they reached the  
hilltop.

In face of all firing,  
They charged, still untiring,  
No matter who's wounded, no Yankee would  
stop.

“The Devil is leading!”

The Dons clamored, pleading,  
“If we remain here he will have a new  
crop.”

All honor to Teddy,  
And those that he led! He  
Fought manfully on till the conflict was  
won—

Till Spain ceased resistance,  
And in the far distance  
Found safety and shield from the Rough  
Rider's gun.

It was a great skirmish,

And Weyler felt squirmish  
To hear (safe at home) how his puppets  
could run. *George Macdonald Moore*

### BALLAD OF THE ROUGH RIDERS

WE heard the sound of galloping feet,  
It struck to the nation's soul;  
In the far Southwest we heard them beat;  
Their echoes swept through the city street,  
With a rhythmic thunder-roll.  
Forward swing, forward swing,  
Strong and light as an eagle's wing,  
For the flag.

These are they who have heard the call  
Of a voice their spirits knew;  
They who follow, to fight or fall,  
One who is bravest and best of all  
To the young, the swift, the true.  
Forward swing, forward swing,  
Each has only a life to bring  
To the flag.

These are the men whose hearts are rife  
With the stress of the daring chase;  
These are the flower of the nation's life,  
Picked men all, for the desperate strife,  
Sons of a mettled race.  
Forward swing, forward swing,  
Whose but these can such leaders bring  
To the flag?

Hark! there is scarce a hoof-beat's sound  
In the tropic thickets deep;  
All unhorsed are the riders found;  
Wearily over the burning ground  
Their steadfast footsteps creep.  
Still they swing, forward swing  
Dauntless, grim, unfaltering,  
With the flag.

Straight they march on the hidden foe,  
Capron's troop in the van;  
Under the maddening fire they go;  
See—who falls? Must the best blood flow?  
Ay—it is but a man!  
Forward swing, forward swing;  
Ah, what glorious lives we fling  
To the flag!

On, till the thorny ground is won,  
Snatched by the eager bands.  
What of the fight when all is done?  
The foe shall answer: "They tried, each one,  
To seize us with their hands!"  
Forward swing, forward swing,  
New brave work shall the morrow bring  
For the flag.

For lo! when the army sweeps along  
To the bloody hilltop's crest,  
Climbing and conquering, thousands strong,  
There do the unhorsed riders throng,  
Up, with the first and best.

Forward swing, forward swing,  
Living, follow—and dying, cling  
To the flag.

Sounding still, with an echo sweet,  
Through the nation's inmost soul,  
We hear the tramp of those toiling feet,  
And the hoofs of the leader's horse, that beat  
With a rhythmic thunder-roll.  
Forward swing, forward swing,  
Such are the hearts, the lives, we bring  
For the flag!

*Marion Couthouy Smith*

#### THE YANKEE DUDE'LL DO

WHEN Cholly swung his golf-sticks on  
the links,  
Or knocked the tennis-ball across the net,  
With his bangs done up in cunning little  
kinks—  
When he wore the tallest collar he could  
get,  
Oh, it was the fashion then  
To impale him on the pen,  
To regard him as a being made of putty  
through and through;  
But his racket's laid away,  
He is roughing it to-day,  
And heroically proving that the Yankee  
dude'll do!

When Algy, as some knight of old ar-  
rayed,  
Was the leading figure at the "fawncy  
ball,"  
We loathed him for the silly part he  
played;  
He was set down as a monkey—that was  
all!

Oh, we looked upon him then  
As unfit to class with men,  
As one whose heart was putty, and whose  
brains were made of glue.  
But he's thrown his cane away,  
And he grasps a gun to-day,  
While the world beholds him, knowing  
that the Yankee dude'll do!

When Clarence cruised about upon his  
yacht,  
Or drove out with his footman through the  
park,  
His mama, it was generally thought,  
Ought to have him in her keeping after  
dark!

Oh, we ridiculed him then,  
We impaled him on the pen,  
We thought he was effeminate—we dubbed  
him "Sissy," too;  
But he nobly marched away—  
He is eating pork to-day,  
And heroically proving that the Yankee  
dude'll do!

How they hurled themselves against the  
angry foe,

In the jungle and the trenches on the hill!  
When the word to charge was given, every  
dude was on the go—

He was there to die, to capture or to kill!  
Oh, he struck his level when  
Men were called upon again

To preserve the ancient glory of the old  
Red, White and Blue!

He has thrown his spats away,

He is wearing spurs to-day,

And the world will please take notice that  
the Yankee dude'll do!

*S. E. Kiser*

### THE BALLAD OF "TEDDY'S TERRORS"

AS RELATED BY ROUND-UP RUBE OF RATTLESNAKE  
GULCH

**T**HERE wus a lovely regiment whose  
men wus strong and stout,  
Fer some, they had diplomas and fer some  
wus warrants out,  
An' Wood, he was their colonel bold, an'  
Teddy was his mate,  
An' they called 'em "Teddy's Lambkins,"  
fer their gentleness was great.

Now a good ole man named Shafter says to  
Teddy and to Wood:

"There's a joint called Santiago where we  
ain't well understood;



So, take yer lamblike regiment, an' if you  
are polite  
I think yer gentle little ways'll set the matter  
right."

So, when Teddy's boys got movin' an' the  
sun was on the fry,  
An' the atmosphere was coaxin' them to  
lay right down and die,  
Some gents from Santiago who wus mad  
'cause they wus there,  
Lay down behind some bushes to put bullets  
through their hair.

Now, Teddy's happy Sunday-school wus  
movin' on its way  
A-seekin' in its peaceful style some Dagoes  
fer to slay;  
And the gents from Santiago, with aversion  
in their heart,  
Wus hidin' at the crossroads fer to blow  
'em all apart.

There's a Spanish comic paper that has give  
us sundry digs,  
A-callin' of us cowards an' dishonest Yankee  
pigs;  
An' I guess these folks had read it, an'  
had thought 'twould be immense  
Jest to paralyze them lambkins they was  
runnin' up agains'.

So when our boys had pretty near arrived  
where they wus at,  
An' the time it was propitious fer to start  
that there combat,  
They let 'er fly, a-thinkin' they would make  
a dreadful tear,  
An' then rubbernecked to see if any Yankee  
wus still there.

Now you can well imagine wot a dreadful  
start they had  
To see 'em still a-standin' there and lookin'  
bold and bad,  
Fer when this gentle regiment had heard  
the bullets fly,  
They had a vi'lent hankerin' to make them  
Spaniards die.

So Teddy, he came runnin' with his glasses  
on his nose,  
An' when the Spanish saw his teeth you  
may well believe they froze;  
An' Wood was there 'long with 'im, with  
his cheese-knife in his hand,  
While at their heels came yellin' all that  
peaceful, gentle band.

They fought them bloody Spaniards at  
their own familiar game,  
An' the gents from Santiago didn't like it  
quite the same—

Fer you plug yer next-door neighbor with  
a rifle-ball or two,  
And he don't feel so robustous as when  
he's a-pluggin' you!

So when the shells wus hoppin', while the  
breech-blocks clicked an' smoked,  
An' the powder wouldn't blow away until  
a feller choked,  
That regiment of Yankee pigs wus gunnin'  
through the bush,  
An' raisin' merry hell with that there  
Santiago push.

Then Teddy seen 'em runnin', an' he give  
a monstrous bawl,  
An' grabbed a red-hot rifle where a guy had  
let it fall,  
An' fixin' of his spectacles more firmly on  
his face,  
He started to assassinate them all around  
the place.

So through the scrubby underbrush from  
bay'n't plant to tree,  
Where the thorns would rip a feller's pants,  
a shockin' sight to see,  
He led his boys a-dancin' on, a-shoutin'  
left and right,  
An' not missin' many Spanish knobs that  
shoved 'emselves in sight.

An' when them Santiago gents was finished  
 to their cost,  
 Then Teddy's boys, they took a look and  
 found that they was lost,  
 An' as their cruel enemies was freed from  
 earthly pain,  
 They all sat down to wait fer friends to  
 lead 'em back again.

## MORAL

That's the tale of Teddy's Terrors and the  
 valiant deed they done.  
 But all tales, they should have morals, so  
 o' course this tale has one.  
 So paste this idea in yer cage, wotever else  
 you do,  
 Fer perhaps you'll thank me fer it before  
 yer game is through:—  
 The soldier boy that wears the blue is  
 gentle-like and meek,  
 But I doubt he'll mind the Bible, if you  
 soak him on the cheek;  
 An' should you git him riled a bit, you want  
 to have a care,  
 Fer if he ever starts to fight he'll finish—  
 Gawd knows where!

*Stephen French Whitman*

## TURN THEM LOOSE!

**N**OW turn loose Teddy Roosevelt,  
 Him and his chargers bold,  
 Each dressed in buckskin trousers,

All trimmed with braid and gold!  
Let's hear the rhythmic rattle  
Of clanking chain and spurs,  
The while they speed across the plain  
To swipe the Spanish curs!

Brave boys with lungs of leather,  
And muscles strong and tough,  
With flashing eye and daring mien  
And style and manner rough;  
They'll do fine execution  
Against the Spanish mobs,  
And then come home with loads of fame  
And glory in great gobs!

Yes, turn loose Teddy Roosevelt,  
Him and his riders rough,  
And let us cheer them on the way,  
For truly they're the stuff;  
For truly they're the stuff, my boys,  
With quirt and spur and gun.  
So turn them loose and let us see  
The blooming Spaniards run!

*Anonymous*

### ROUGH RIDERS

**F**ROM where the chaparrals uplift  
O'er Texan sea of grass;  
From Arizona canyoned rift,  
And Colorado pass;

From Boston elm and classic shade,  
And Gotham mask and ball,  
We've gathered, by one motive swayed—  
Rough Riders are we all!

We ken the ways of man and beast—  
We've faced the prairie Death,  
We've watched the buzzards at their feast,  
We've felt the Norther's breath;  
We know the realms of belles and beaux,  
And Fashion's gay command;  
Our view lies from Delmonico's  
Clear to the Rio Grande.

But now, unchecked, the cattle whirl  
In headlong, wild stampede;  
And Beauty's banner may unfurl  
In vain—we give no heed.  
We've changed the ranch and city charms  
For Cuban thatch and palm;  
The jarring roll of hostile arms  
Our pæan is, and psalm.

In strangely differing clime and place  
Our names and paths appear,  
For many a college knows our face,  
And many a branded steer.  
But lo! one blood you find us, when  
There sounds Columbia's call.  
We spring to answer it, like men—  
Rough Riders are we all!

*Edwin L. Sabin*

THE ROUGH RIDERS

*BROADCLOTH, buckskin, coat of blue or tan,  
Strip it off for action, and beneath you'll find  
a man.  
The boy that bucked the centre and the lad  
that roped the steer  
Chum in fighting-fellowship—charging with  
a cheer.*

Their horses are picketed leagues away,  
Their sabres are on the nail;  
They have taken the rifle at break of  
day,  
They have taken the narrow trail.

The shimmering blade of the bayonet  
Is red with the dawning sun;  
'Twill burn with a ruddier crimson yet  
Or ever the work is done.

“Now, why do the scavenger grave-crabs  
go  
A-cluttering down the dell?”  
“Oh, ask of the vulture hovering low;  
It may be that he can tell.”

“Is yonder the gleam of a mountain stream  
'Mid boscage, creeper and root?”  
“Quick! drop ye down in the jungle brown  
And cuddle your stock and shoot!”

The hunters stripped to the cartridge-belt  
And stalked in the seething maze,  
The Indian fighters crawled and knelt  
And pulled at the rifle-blaze.

Kentucky fought with a grim delight  
And Texas with his soul;  
But the football rusher reared his height  
And plunged for the deadly goal.

They yelled disdain of the driving rain  
Of steel that drilled and tore.  
If the wounded sobbed it was not from  
pain,  
But that they could fight no more.

Then volleying low at the hidden foe,  
They rushed him—two to ten;  
They were trained in the rule of an iron  
school,  
And they were their Colonel's men.

From thicket to thicket, and glade to glade,  
And out to the jungle's marge,  
They harried him back o'er a clotted track  
And formed for the final charge.

Hark to the swell of the Rebel yell,  
The bugle calm and clear,  
The "uh-luh-luh-loo" of the tameless Sioux  
And the roar of the Saxon cheer.



The Baresark awoke in the Teuton folk;  
The Roman was born anew;  
The pride of the blood of the Maccabee  
Revived in the fighting Jew;

While, up on the right, like a storm at night,  
Rilled with a living flame,  
Their eyes ashine, in a steadfast line,  
The Negro troopers came.

Sons of the Past!—her best and last—  
At Freedom's bugle-call  
The Races sweep to the conquered keep  
The flag that shelters all.

In peace ye prate of the needs of state  
And winnow your meagre souls,  
Refining if this be truly great,  
And quake at clouded goals.

When we trust our weal to the clashing steel,  
The land calls forth her own.  
Then it's ho! for the men of heart and brain  
And blood and brawn and bone.

*Broadcloth, buckskin, garb of blue or tan,—  
Rip it with a bullet and beneath you'll find a  
man.*

*Ebon-featured regular, swarthy volunteer,  
Chum in fighting-fellowship—charging with a  
cheer.*

Arthur Guiterman

## ON THE HILL

(JULY 1, 1898)

"My men were children of the dragon's blood."

*The Rough Riders.*

THERE on the summit was your "crowded  
hour";—

The wine of life poured out in one swift  
draft,

The joy of battle which you gaily quaffed,  
The cheers of comrades and the thrill of  
power.

The dragon's blood there bloomed in crim-  
son flower;

From west and east had come the vital  
seed

Garnered in glory for the Nation's need;  
The "fighting edge" of heroes was their  
dower.

Now hand to hand you strive with sterner  
foes;

You lead where few before have tried to  
lead,

And rashly dare to check unbridled greed,  
While doubters scoff and magnify their woes.

On your brave summit you have waged  
the fight;

Unwearied, you have battled for the  
Right.

*Robert Bridges*

IN POLITICS



## TO VICE-PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

(Read June 26, 1900, at the Twentieth Anniversary of  
the Class of '80, Harvard College)

**I**F '80's scribe had to express  
The sentiments he knows he felt,  
This would he say, no more, no less:  
Our one great Vice is Roosevelt.

He takes the path of splendid Vice  
And leaves the gubernatorship.  
No Plattitude his act; he feels  
A Nation's strong dictatorship.

God's Nation called (not Godkin's) and  
Our governor ungovernable  
Rose once again to serve his land,  
Else were he with us here at table.

And think of this! He owns a word,  
By title far from tenuous,  
And lexicons must soon record  
A synonym for strenuous.

For when a man does any work  
Right sturdily and steadily,  
They'll coin a word from '80's mint  
And say he does it Teddily.

With constant, warm fraternal faith  
We praise his moral attitude.

We trust our comrade, for we know  
His longitude and latitude.

*Frederic Almy*

### ROOSEVELT IN WYOMING

(Told by a guide—1899)

DO you know Yancey's? Where the  
winding trail  
From Washburn Mountains strikes the  
old stage road?  
And wagons from Cooke City and the mail  
Unhitch awhile and teamsters shift the  
load?

A handy bunch of men are round the stove  
At Yancey's—hunters back from Jack-  
son's hole  
And Ed Hough telling of a mighty drove  
Of elk that he ran down at Teton Bowl.

And Yancey he says: "Mr. Woody there  
Can tell a hunting yarn or two beside,  
He guided Roosevelt when he shot a bear  
And six bull elk with antlers spreading  
wide."

But Woody is a guide who doesn't brag,  
He puffed his pipe awhile, then gravely  
said:  
"I knew he'd put the Spaniards in a bag,  
For Mister Roosevelt always picked a  
head.

“That man won’t slosh around in politics  
And waste his time a-killing little game;  
He studies elk, and men, and knows their  
tricks,  
And when he picks a head he hits the  
same.”

Now, down at Yancey’s every man’s a sport,  
And free to back his knowledge up with  
lead;  
And each believes that Roosevelt is the sort  
To run the State, because he “picks a  
head.”

*Robert Bridges*

### A SOLILOQUY

(1901)

This poem was sent to Mrs. Roosevelt some years ago by the late Richard Harding Davis, who said: “I think it deserves a place in *the* scrapbook. I like the last three words especially.” EDITOR.

AT first the infant  
Doubling his fists and countering on  
the nurse’s jaw,  
Then the school-boy with his padded mitts,  
Punching the bag and licking all his class.  
And then the ranchman, sleeping on the turf,  
Living on dried buffalo and knocking down  
And sitting on the cowboy! Full of vim  
And biting nails in two for fun. Then the  
soldier  
Scattering great armies with his awful look,

Dashing up hills through deadly showers of  
lead

And smiling as it were the harmless sport  
Of some enchanting summer's holiday.

Next the grim Governor, defying lobbyists,  
Confounding bosses, writing histories

With one hand tied behind him, speaking to  
The multitudes in spite of flying rocks

And whirling bricks! Shouting defiance at  
the tough,

And brandishing his fists full in the bully's  
face.

And then the hunter, strangling wild beasts,  
Tying the mountain lion in a knot

And hurling it across the precipice.

Last scene of all, Vice-President,

Sitting with nodding head and limbs re-  
laxed,

Hearing the oft-repeated tales

Of Isthmian canals and subsidies

And Sampson-Schley affairs—in mere ob-  
livion,

Sans mitts, sans spurs, sans guns, sans—ay,  
but wait.

*Anonymous*

### TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Christmas Eve, 1902)

**S**ON of a sire whose heart beat ever true  
To God, to country and the fireside love  
To which returning, like a homing dove,  
From each high duty done, he gladly flew.



Complete, yet touched by genius through  
and through,  
The lofty qualities that made him great,  
Loved in his home and priceless to the  
state,  
By heaven's grace are garnered up in you.

Be yours—we pray—the dauntless heart of  
youth,  
The eye to see the humor of the game—  
The scorn of lies, the large Batavian mirth;  
And—past the happy, fruitful years of  
fame,  
Of sport and work and battle for the truth,  
A home not all unlike your home on earth.

*John Hay*

#### ROOSEVELT'S GUEST

**T**HERE is a cry abroad that the President  
of the Nation  
Asked another strong man, Booker Wash-  
ington, home to dine.  
I'll swear there is not a seraph would have  
flouted an invitation  
To join the party, nor counted his whitest  
of robes too fine.

Let only a better patriot gird at that guest  
of honor,  
Only the hands more helpful shrink from  
his dusky hand,

To the fund of human service let only a  
larger donor

Than Booker Washington scorn him,  
guest of the Best of the Land.

*Katharine Lee Bates*

### A PORTRAIT

**A**LERT as bird or early worm,  
Yet gifted with those courtly ways  
Which connoisseurs correctly term  
The *tout-c'qu'il-y-a de Louis Seize*;  
He reigns, by popular assent,  
The People's peerless President!

Behold him! Squarely built and small;  
With hands that would resemble Liszt's,  
Did they not forcibly recall  
The contour of Fitzsimmons' fists;  
Beneath whose velvet gloves you feel  
The politician's grip of steel.

Accomplished as a King should be  
And autocratic as a Czar,  
To him all classes bow the knee,  
In spotless Washington afar;  
And while his jealous rivals scoff,  
He wears the smile-that-won't-come-off.

In him combined we critics find  
The diplomatic skill of Choate,

---

Elijah Dowie's breadth of mind,  
And Chauncey's fund of anecdote;  
He joins the morals of Susannah  
To Dr. Munyon's bedside manner.

The rugged virtues of his race  
He softens with a Dewey's tact,  
Combining Shafter's easy grace  
With all Bourke Cockran's love of fact;  
To Dooley's pow'rs of observation  
He adds the charm of Carrie Nation.

In him we see a devotee  
Of what is called the "simple life"  
(To tell the naked Truth, and be  
Contented with a single wife).  
Luxurious living he abhors,  
And takes his pleasures out-of-doors.

And, since his sole delight and pride  
Are exercise and open air,  
His spirit chafes at being tied  
All day to an official chair;  
The bell-boys (in the room beneath)  
Can hear him gnash his serried teeth.

In summer-time he can't resist  
A country gallop on his cob,  
So, like a thorough altruist,  
He lets another do his job;  
In winter he will work all day,  
But when the sun shines he makes Hay.

And thus, in spite of office ties,  
He manages to take a lot  
Of healthy outdoor exercise,  
Where other Presidents have not;  
As I can prove by drawing your  
Attention to his *carte du jour*.

At 6 A. M. he shoots a bear,  
At 8 he schools a restive horse,  
From 10 to 4 he takes the air,—  
(He doesn't take it all, of course);  
And then at 5 o'clock, maybe,  
Some colored man drops in to tea.

At intervals throughout the day  
He sprints around the house, or if  
His residence is Oyster Bay,  
He races up and down the cliff;  
While sea-gulls scream about his legs,  
Or hasten home to hide their eggs.

A man of deeds, not words, is he,  
Who never stooped to roll a log;  
Agile as fond gazelle or flea,  
Sagacious as an indoor dog;  
In him we find a spacious mind,  
"Uncribb'd, uncabin'd, unconfin'd."

In martial exploits he delights,  
And has no fear of War's alarms;  
The hero of a hundred fights,  
Since first he was a child (in arms);

Like battle-horse, when bugles bray,  
He champs his bit and tries to neigh.

And if the Army of the State  
Is always in such perfect trim,  
Well organized and up to date,  
This grand result is due to him;  
For while his country reaped the fruit,  
'Twas he alone could reach the Root.

And spite of jeers that foes have hurled,  
No problems can his soul perplex;  
He lectures women of the world  
Upon the duties of their sex,  
And with unfailing courage thrusts  
His spoke within the wheels of trusts.

No private ends has he to serve,  
No dirty linen needs to wash;  
A man of quite colossal nerve,  
Who lives *sans peur et sans reproche*;  
*In modo suaviter* maybe,  
But then how *fortiter in re*!

A lion is his crest, you know,  
Columbia stooping to caress it,  
With *vi et armis* writ below,  
*Nemo impune me lacessit*;  
His motto, as you've read already,  
*Semper paratus*—always Teddy!

*Harry Graham*

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SARGENT'S PORTRAIT OF THEODORE  
ROOSEVELT

ART such as this has power to withstand  
All tricks. The sovereignty that lies  
complete

Within the man needs not the thronè seat  
Or sceptre to reveal his just command.  
No symbol of the writer in his hand,  
Nor trophies of the soldier at his feet,  
Uncrowned the brow, where truth and  
courage meet,  
The Citizen alone confronts the land.

Keen, dominant, intense, combative, brave,  
Above the insignia of official place,  
The artist has but given what nature gave—  
A Man—whose dreamful, valiant mind  
conceives  
High purpose, consecrated to his race,  
That his strong hand grasps, fashions  
and achieves.

*Margaret Ridgely Partridge*

THE BALLAD OF SAGAMORE HILL

'TIS morning, and King Theodore  
Upon his throne sits he  
As blithely as a King can sit  
Within a free countree,  
And now he thinks of submarines,  
And now of peace and war.

His royal robe he handeth Loeb,  
Then wireth to the Czar:

“Come off, come off, thou Great White Czar,  
Come off thy horse so high!  
Send envoys straight, and arbitrate  
Thy diplomatic pie.”

Then straightway to the Mik-a-doo  
This letter he doth limn,

“Come off thy perch, thou Morning Sun,  
And do the same as him!”

Then straightway from the Rising Sun  
Come envoys three times three,

Komura neat and Sato sweet,  
(An Irish Japanee).

Small men are they with domey brains,  
And in their fingers gaunt  
A list of seven hundred things  
They positively want.

Then straightway from St. Petersburg  
Come envoys six times two,

De Witty grand and Rosen bland  
And Nebotoffkatoo—

Volkynieffskygrandovitch—

(Here see the author's note,

“The balance of that noble's name  
Came on another boat.”)

’Twas on the royal yacht *Mayflower*

They met, that noble crew.

“De Witty grand, shake Sato's hand—

Komura, how-dee-do!"  
While forty thousand gun-salutes  
Concuss on Oyster Bay,  
A proud man is King Theodore  
Upon that trysting day!

To Portsmouth town, to Portsmouth town,  
The sweating envoys puff,  
To speak of tin and Saghalien  
And eke to bluff and bluff—  
But Theodore at Oyster Bay  
Doth while the times between  
By taking trips and dives and dips  
Within his submarine.

For many a day the Japanese  
Uphold their fingers gaunt,  
And mention seven hundred things  
They positively want—  
For many a day the Muscovites  
Down-plant their Russian shoes,  
And mention seven hundred things  
They positively refuse.

Till haply from his submarine  
King Theodore doth peep,  
And stops a wireless telegram  
That buzzeth o'er the deep:  
"O Theodore, O goodly King,  
The envoys call our bluff—  
Despite the fuss the stubborn Russ  
Disgorgeth not the stuff."



“Come hither, Mr. Serge de Witt!”  
King Theodore doth say,  
“Now tell me quick by the Big Stick  
Why dost refuse to pay?”  
“Come hither, Baron Kom-u-ra,  
And sit upon my lap—  
Why dost thou cuss and make a fuss,  
Thou naughty, naughty Jap?”

To Portsmouth back, to Portsmouth back,  
The envoys then do flee,  
And each is sad and mild and meek  
As an envoy ought to be,  
And as they speak of Terms of Peace  
Politeness doth ensue—  
Like Prince Alphonse and Duke Gaston,  
’Tis ever “After you!”

So soon the terms of Peace are signed  
And put upon a shelf,  
And Theodore doth straightway take  
Great credit to himself.  
The bugles call and roses fall  
On good King Theodore,  
As round the Stick the kodaks click  
Full twelve times thirty-four.

And now when ancient grandsires sit  
Within the evening gray,  
And oysters frolic noisilee  
All over Oyster Bay,

The graybeard tells his little niece  
 How Theodore did trek  
 To drag the gentle Bird of Peace  
 To Portsmouth—by the neck.

*Wallace Irwin*

IF ROOSEVELT HAD BEEN BAD

(He'd have been the baddest man that ever was, his  
 daughter says)

**Y**OU never spoke a greater truth,  
 For baddest of the men were best,  
 Who in their boyhood and their youth  
 Had drifted to the strenuous West;  
 Big, whole-soul'd, generous Mother's Boys,  
 With tender hearts, and souls aglow,  
 With hopes, ambitions, and the joys  
 That make good fellows love them so.

Some broke their bonds and ran away,  
 Some slowly drifted with the tide,  
 Some saw the blood-and-thunder play  
 Where many a Bowery redskin died.  
 And some were college boys, and bred  
 In homes where Christian parents knelt;  
 And some were strenuous, cultured, read,  
 And brave, like Papa Roosevelt.

Many a noble Mother's Boy  
 Has carved a fortune and a name,  
 Whose coming back brought tears of joy  
 And happiness, as well as fame.

And others, just as pure, alas!  
And just as honest, true and brave,  
Have toyed too often with the glass,  
And only filled a felon's grave.

Have pity, then, oh, Daughter fair,  
Of Him who best can understand  
The hearts of splendid men who dare  
As dared the boys of his command.  
Have pity and compassion, too,  
On those unfortunates who fell,  
Who wear the stripes instead of blue,  
And yet, who love their country well.

For half the men behind the bars,  
In Western pens across the plains,  
Are fit to fight in freedom's wars  
As men of courage, heart and brains.  
And don't forget that many men  
Too often fall as life begins,  
And many a man in prison pen  
Is suffering for another's sins.

*Captain Jack Crawford*

THANK GOD FOR A MAN!

(1904)

THANK God for a man! There was need  
In this much-doubting day  
Of one that could fashion a deed  
As a sculptor the clay,  
Undaunted by shadows of ill  
That the dawn might reveal,

Strong-heartedly laboring still  
For a noble ideal.

Direct in the candor of youth  
That is clear as the sky,  
He cleaves with the bright edge of Truth  
Through the mask of the lie.  
Endowed with the zeal that survives  
And the courage to see  
All things as they are, yet he strives  
For the good that must be.

What matter the scurrilous sneer  
And the buzz and the hum!  
We know him: Wise, steadfast, sincere;  
And the young men to come  
Shall broaden the pathway he trod  
And the work he began  
Shall bring to fulfilment. Thank God  
For His gift of a man!

*Arthur Guiterman*

### LITTLE ORPHANT TEDDY

(With profound apologies to James Whitcomb Riley)

**L**ITTLE Orphant Teddy's come to our  
house to stay,  
To clean things up as well as out, an' raise  
the deuce, they say;  
An' shoo the bosses off the stoop, an' dust  
the White House floors,  
An' kick the Magnates off their perch, and  
lock 'em out-o'-doors.

An' all us other children, we've promised to  
be good,  
Er little Orphant Teddy he won't let us have  
no food;  
An' we jest set an' listen to the spooks he  
tells about,  
An' the Big Bull Moose 'at gits you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

Oncet they was a great big Trust 'at nuveer  
would behave,  
An' allers gobbled up the gold 'at other  
peoples save,  
An' when it grabbed most all there was, a  
feller he come round  
With great big teeth a-flarin', an' they made  
a scrunchin' sound;  
An' when the man 'at made the Trust come  
lookin' fir his shares  
They wasn't any Trust at all around there  
anywheres—  
An' all he found was jest a spot, 'longside a  
water-spout,  
An' the Big Bull Moose'll git you  
Ef you  
Don't  
Watch  
Out!

An' one time another chap 'at useter fib a  
lot

Come runnin' round a corner for to tell  
some news he'd got,

An' 'fore he knowed where he was at there  
come a grindin' noise

Like thirty-seven giunts eatin' ninety-'leven  
boys,

An' down from summers in the air there  
come a fearful flub,

An' that there feller he got hit with th'  
Annie Nius Club!

It crushed him, an' it squshed him, an' it  
slammed him all about,

An' the Big Bull Moose'll git you

Ef you

Don't

Watch

Out!

An' little Orphant Teddy says he's goin' to  
take the earth

An' give it a lambastin' jest for all thet he  
is worth.

He's goin' to lam his Uncle Sam, an' soon  
as he is through

He's goin' to tackle Yurrupe, an' the folks  
in Asia too;

An' when he's cleaned 'em up he says he's  
goin' to take the Sea

An' pour it down the black hole where the  
Devil's said to be;

An' then he's goin' to Heaven, where he'll  
tell 'em all about

The Bull Moose as'll get them

Ef they

Don't

Watch

Out!

*John Kendrick Bangs*

### CALL HIM THE CHILD OF GOD

CALL him the child of God;

It is his rightful name,

Who laboring hard hath trod

The way of truest fame;

Not the red path of war and force and  
might,

But the Peacemaker's path that leads to  
light.

And since that name is his,

Wish him the joy thereof,

Of healing miseries

And taking burdens off,

Of wiping tears away and ending pain

And bidding Life lift up her face again.

Rejoice with him, O world!

But most ye twain rejoice,

Whose standards still unfurled,

Have heard the herald Voice

That bids the cannons' deathful roar to  
cease  
With prelude strains of the sweet song of  
Peace.  
*William H. Draper*

CLOSE TO A NATION'S BEATING  
PULSE HE STANDS

CLOSE to a nation's beating pulse he  
stands,  
And feels the undercurrents surging  
strong,  
In balance quivering 'twixt right and  
wrong,  
He lives to meet what day and hour com-  
mands,  
To seek wide fellowship with other lands,  
To win small praise, though workmanship  
be long;  
The "Firm Foundation" stronghold of  
his song  
Makes heart the servant of all high demands.

Man's energy makes destiny of man:  
Where prairies sweep, where mountains  
lap the snow,  
There courage leaps, there righteousness  
doth grow,  
And there be found the leadership that can  
Alike give service unto friend or foe—  
A Master's conquest since all time began.

*Liska Stillman*



## THE PRESIDENT

(1908)

HUNTER and soldier stalwart to the  
core,  
Statesman and warrior versed in the rare art  
Which feels with mind and thinks with all  
the heart;  
Not his the craven biding safe ashore  
When the loosed whirlwinds down the  
heavens roar,  
But his the outward sailing with a chart  
Clear-drawn and open—free, in every part,  
From hypocritic wile and quibbling lore.  
What though he sometimes fail to round  
his plan?  
He who makes no mistakes does naught  
beside;  
Life is too short to wait for wind and tide;  
God help this man, who does the best he  
can,  
In spite of those who strive to keep him  
there  
A sawdust puppet in a gilded chair!

*Harry Kemp*

## “LIVE THOU IN NATURE”

(Inscribed to T. R., March 23, 1909)

LIVE thou in nature! Live  
With the stars and with the winds;  
Take all the wild world can give,  
All thy free spirit finds;

Finds while the seasons pour  
Their braveries at thy feet;  
When the ice-rimmed rivers roar  
Or summer waves their rote repeat.

Let thy hushed heart take its fill  
Of the manifold voice of the trees,  
When leafless winter crowns the hill  
And shallow waters freeze.

Let budding Spring be thine,  
And autumn brown and debonair,—  
Days that darken and nights that shine,—  
Let all the round years be thy fare.

Let not one full hour pass  
Fruitless for thee, in all its varied length;  
Take sweetness from the grass,—  
Take from the storm its strength.

Take beauty from the dawn,  
Patience from the sure seed's delay;  
Take gentleness from the light withdrawn,  
And every virtue from the wholesome day.

*Richard Watson Gilder*

#### WHO GOES THERE?

**W**HO goes there? An American!  
Brain and spirit, brawn and heart.  
'Twas for him that the nations spared  
Each to the years its noblest part,

Till from the Dutch, the Gaul, and Celt,  
Blossomed the soul of Roosevelt.

Student, trooper, and gentleman,  
Level-lidded with times and kings,  
His the voice for the comrade's cheer;  
His the ear when the sabre rings.  
Hero-shades of the old days melt  
In the quick glance of Roosevelt.

Hand that's moulded to hilt of sword,  
Heart that ever has laughed at fear,  
Type and pattern of civic pride,  
Wit and grace of the cavalier.  
All that his fathers prayed and felt  
Gleams in the glance of Roosevelt.

Who goes there? An American!  
Man to the core as men should be.  
Let him pass thro' the lines alone,  
Type of the sons of Liberty.  
Here, where his fathers' fathers dwelt,  
Honor and faith for Roosevelt.

*Grace Duffie Boylan*

HE ENTERETH AMERICA BY THE  
FRONT DOOR

(1910)

(From "The Teddysee")

MUSES, lend me an earthquake  
To rattle the big blue dome,  
Or a dynamite bomb,

Or a fierce tom-tom,  
Or a bugle-call,  
Or Niagara's fall—  
Full justice to do  
To the hullabaloo  
Which roared New York and the Country  
through  
When Teddy came sailing nome.  
Thunder and smoke, how the Patriots woke  
From Kalamazoo to Nome!  
Your Uncle Sam fell off o' the porch  
And the Statue of Liberty swallowed her  
torch  
When Teddy came sailing home.

There was color, there was noise,  
There were Abernethy boys,  
There was many a chief and scout and  
lion-trainer;  
Cuban Vets with battered hilts  
And Cornelius Vanderbilts,  
And that Tammany-Insurgent, Mayor  
Gaynor.  
Woolly war-cries filled the air,  
Cowboys rode in Union Square,  
Fame stood on her heavenly perch and  
yelled like Melba;  
Sons of Erin, Sons of Titus  
And the Order of Saint Vitus  
Skinned their throats to raise the Battle-  
Cry of Elba.

Through the Ready-Money Town  
They paraded up and down,  
    Teddy bowing right and left like Julius  
    Cæsar;  
And the Nation, which had slumbered  
As the empty months were numbered,  
    Thrilled again to greet its Corporation  
    Squeezer.

When the tumult and the spouting  
Died away amidst the shouting,  
    And the Captains and the Colonels had  
    departed,  
Sat a Grafter in his clover  
Chuckling: "Gee! I'm glad it's over!"  
    Echo answered: "Over, man! He's  
    scarcely started!" *Wallace Irwin*

## ST. ROOSEVELTIUS

**A**MERICA! America! she maketh loud  
    complaint;  
In all the holy calendars she has no patron  
    saint!  
St. George for merry England St. Denis  
    fosters France,  
St. Andrew is for Russia whatever may  
    mischance;  
St. Patrick is for Ireland, St. Jago is for  
    Spain,  
St. Boniface for Germany—while we forlorn  
    remain.

Columbus sailed the stormy seas in fourteen-  
ninety-two,

But, as a saint for this fair land, that Dago  
will not do.

He's far, too far, removed from us—four  
centuries away—

We want a saint that's up to date—one of  
the present day.

We want a saint—we've one in mind—a  
saint our very own;

We see him on the San Juan hill, a bucking  
horse his throne;

We see him with his lance in play, against  
the circling trusts;

We see him dive beneath the wave 'mid  
ocean's fiercest gusts;

We see him always doing things—his ways  
are strenuous—

Oh, who but Theodore can be this fitting  
saint for us?

Oh, let Frank Bowers picture him, as in his  
latest stunt,

The peace-compeller of the world, a saint  
both smooth and blunt;

A gentle dove on his clinched fist, a halo  
'round his pate—

Oh, give us St. Rooseveltius, in all things  
up to date!

*C. D.*

## HIS NAME

JUST a wee little scrap of a laddie, so fair,  
But he carried his bonnie head high;  
And he pulled off his pretty Scotch cap  
with an air,

Whenever a lady passed by.

*"For you'll see that I must be polite," he  
would say,*

*"When you hear that I'm Theodore Roosevelt  
McVeigh!"*

Oft, the sleeve of his small, scarlet sweater  
he'd roll

That the muscle beneath you might see.  
With the doctor or dentist, the tears he'd  
control,

And be brave as a soldier could be.

*"For I have to be manly and strong," he  
would say,*

*"'Cause you know, I am Theodore Roosevelt  
McVeigh!"*

Now, the President's sometimes called  
Teddy, you know,

This, the little lad learned with surprise.  
He really could hardly believe it was so;

*"What! Teddy? a man of his size?"*

*And he thought about it all the rest of the day,  
This small, puzzled Theodore Roosevelt  
McVeigh.*

But that night, when he went up with  
mama, to bed,

A dear little sleepy-eyed chap,  
He had settled it all in his mind, and he  
said,

As he cuddled up close in her lap:  
“*It is fine to be Theodore Roosevelt McVeigh,  
But I feel more like Teddy, at this time of  
day!*”

*Pauline Frances Camp*

### READY FOR TEDDY

(1912)

**H**ELLO, Teddy! All th' West is watchin'  
you,

Hello, Teddy! An' it's wishin' for you, too.  
We like your Western manner and we like  
your Western style,

We've watched you since we knew you an'  
we've liked you all the while,

You're a man that praise don't flatter an'  
a man success don't sp'ile,

An' that's why we watch for you,

An' are wishin' for you, too.

Hurrah, Teddy! Or for better or for wuss,  
Where'er y' be or what y' be, you're Teddy,  
sir, to us!

You were Teddy when the bugle called t'  
every creed an' clan,



You were Teddy with your soldier boys,  
they're with you where you stan';  
You are Teddy all th' time, sir, but, by Gad,  
you are a MAN,

An' it ain't th' kind or breed—  
It is MEN as what we need.

Bless you, Teddy! You're th' proper build  
an' brand,  
Bless you, Teddy! An' we like t' shake  
your hand,  
It's a hand that's built for shakin', in a  
cordial, Western way,  
An' like your heart it's just as true to-  
morrow as t'day,  
An' when you're in a scrimmage, sir, we  
know that you will STAY,

An' we're goin' t' stay by you,  
An' we're goin' t' see you through!

Good-by, Teddy, an' remember what we  
say,  
Set up th' flag an' lead and we will follow  
where y' may,  
Th' Western style is common, but th'  
Western heart is true,  
Th' metal may look rough, but it is gold,  
sir, through an' through,

An' our hands an' hearts, howe'er they be,  
we offer 'em t' you,  
For we like you, yes, we do,  
An' the West is out for you!

*Anonymous*

### THE CATARACT OF T. R.

(Written during the presidential campaign of 1912)

“**H**OW do the speeches  
Come forth from T. R.?”

My little boy ask'd me  
Thus, once on a time;  
And moreover he task'd me  
To tell him in rhyme.  
I looked at the stanzas  
That Southey had done  
And thought me of Kansas  
And said: “This is fun.”  
And so, not to jockey too long for a start,  
I answered as follows, responded in part:  
“From carriage and car  
Goes speaking T. R.,  
Through prairie and vale,  
O'er mountain and dale,  
On the sea, and on land,  
On the shore and the beach,  
Prepared or unplanned,  
Thus issues his speech:  
Swelling, compelling,  
Foretelling, rebelling,  
(And writing it out in his simplified spelling)  
Bolting, revolting,

And crookedness jolting,  
Urging and scourging,  
Insurgng and splurging,  
Lashing and dashing,  
Crashing and smashing,  
Slashing and thrashing,  
And cuspids a-flashing,  
Knocking and shocking,  
Rumbling and tumbling,  
Rushing and crushing,  
Rebutting and cutting,  
Wording, engirding,  
And hitting and gritting  
With zeal unremitting,  
And rattling and battling,  
Banging and whanging,  
Haranguing and clanging,  
Staging and raging  
As fierce as a taurus,  
And all of the rest  
Of the rhyming thesaurus.  
Brave and bromidic,  
Bold and bizarre—  
That's how the speeches  
Come forth from T. R."

*Franklin P. Adams*

#### AN ODE TO T. R.

**T**HOU who, with sword or pen,  
Layest about thee when  
Needful, and crooked men,

Cordially hatest;  
Great in thy former sway;  
Greater in Afrikay;  
And as thou art to-day  
Possibly greatest.

We have a liking old  
For thee, though manifold  
Stories, we know, are told,  
To thy discredit;  
How, when the panic came,  
Thou didst invoke the same,  
Thou wert alone to blame—  
Wall Street has said it.

Some say thy work is crude,  
Saturate, o'erimbued,  
Crowded with platitude  
Ancient, druidic;  
"Two and Two Equals Four,  
Seven than Six Is More,"  
So saith our Theodore,  
Bravely bromidic.

Confound such knavish knocks  
Born in the street of stocks!  
Even though paradox  
Subtle and artful  
Be not in Teddy's style,  
Far from us to revile  
Utterances worth while,  
Honest and heartfelt!

Crooks may have had their bluff  
 Called by the Colonel's stuff,  
 Yet "he is good enough  
     For us." O heady,  
 Bright and particular  
 Beacon and guiding star,  
 W.-k.\* T. R.

Here's to thee, Teddy!

*Franklin P. Adams*

\* Well-known.

LO! HE WOULD LIFT THE BURDEN

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

**L**O! he would lift the burden from the  
     weak,  
 Kindle with hope the dull eye of despair,  
 And for the common weal all things would  
     dare,  
 Scourging the money-changers, smiling,  
     sleek,  
 Forth from the temple till on him they seek  
     Impotent vengeance. Slanders must he  
     bear—  
 Foul imprecations that infect the air;  
 Lies, till the heavy breath of heaven doth  
     reek  
 With stench of calumny; the assassin's blow,  
     The mockery of the proud; the stinging  
     thorn  
 Of fickle friendship, flattery turned to  
     scorn;  
 Yet while the coming years their gifts bestow

Crowning great names with glory, his  
shall shine

In the front rank of our illustrious line.

*William Dudley Foulke*

### VISION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT—1912

**F**RIEND of the People, purposeful and  
strong.

You, who would right their wrong.

You, of the ardent eyes

That woo the glory of the further skies!

For the glad answer of a new sunrise

Must you then wait so long?

Oh! Man of Vision! though the rest be  
blind,

You, who do love Mankind,

You, who believe

That our fair Country shall indeed retrieve

The promise of the ages. You shall find

Your heart's reprieve.

With your own motto

“Spend and so be spent,”

Your high intent

Makes of yourself a willing instrument.

With heart and soul afire

You do aspire

But to be broken, should the cause require,

An arrow shattered ere the bow be bent!

What though the sordid sneer!  
They may not hear  
The cry of those  
Who suffer the fierce throes  
Of pain and hunger after deadly toil.  
Your brothers of the soil  
Follow your beacon light  
Away from their dark night.

And in the end,  
Though you be spent,  
You, who were glad to spend,  
You would not be  
A baffled Moses with the eyes to see  
The far fruition of the Promised Land,  
Who would not understand  
How to lead captive dread Captivity,  
Who would not even crave  
A lost and lonely grave  
By Jordan's wave?

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

#### WHEN TEDDY HITS THE WEST

Sent to T. R. while he was in the Yellowstone by the writer, who lived in Pittsburg, Kansas. Mr. Histed is an old hunter and trapper who, as early as 1858, mined for gold in the Rocky and Sierra-Nevada mountains. EDITOR.

HE can have my old revolver  
And my scalping-knife to boot;  
He can have my "lost" cinnamon  
And grizzly bear to shoot.

He can take my tent and terbacker,  
And jacks and prospect tool;  
He may climb the highest mountain  
In the Rockies on my mule.  
He can have my "Injun sweetheart,"  
My "lease" at Cromwell Point;  
He may fry his Injun flapjacks  
In my skillet at the "joint."  
He can have my Injun blanket,  
The varmints and my all;  
He can take my tattoo-needles,  
My hounds and bugle-call;  
He can fish the Injun trout-brook  
And cast for ripe "old red."  
He can dance the Injun war-dance,  
And scrape the river-bed  
For nuggets that we missed—some  
More precious than we hed,  
He can have my old worn rocker  
To wash the yellow dust,  
And yell the wild old "war-whoop"  
Until his lungs would bust.  
He can have my buckskin leggin's  
And my tattered government coat,  
That old gray cayuse pony  
And my Presidential vote.  
He'll ne'er be sorry he met us,  
And his trip will do him good;  
He'll see we all are friendly  
And his speeches understood.  
Fond recollections will remind him  
That we done our level best



To entertain a comrade—

“When Teddy Hits the West.”

*Thaddeus C. Histed*

### THE REVEALER

ROOSEVELT—1912

He turned aside to see the carcass of the lion. . . .  
And the men of the city said unto him, “What is  
sweeter than honey? And what is stronger than a  
lion?”

THE palms of Mammon have ordained  
The gift of our complacency;  
The bells of ages have intoned  
Again their rhythmic irony;  
And from the shadow, suddenly,  
'Mid echoes of decrepit age,  
The seer of our necessity  
Confronts a Lyrian heritage.  
Equipped with unobscured intent,  
He smiles, with lions at the gate,  
Acknowledging the compliment  
Like one familiar with his fate;  
The lions, having time to wait,  
Perceive a small cloud in the skies  
Whereon they look, disconsolate,  
With scared, reactionary eyes.

A shadow falls upon the land;  
They sniff, and they are like to roar,  
For they will never understand  
What they have never seen before,

They march, in order, to the door,  
Nor caring if the gods restore  
The lost composite of the Greek.  
The shadow fades, the light arrives,  
And ills that were concealed are seen;  
The combs of long-defended hives  
Now drip dishonored and unclean.  
No Nazarite or Nazarene  
Compels our questioning to prove  
The difference that is between  
Dead lions—or the sweet thereof.

But not for lions, live or dead,  
Except as we are all as one,  
Is he the world's accredited  
Revealer of what we have done.  
What you and I and Anderson  
Are still to do is his reward;  
If we go back when he is gone—  
There is an Angel with a Sword.  
He cannot close again the doors  
That now are shattered for our sake;  
He cannot answer for the floors  
We crowd on, nor for walls that shake;  
He cannot wholly undertake  
The cure of our immunity;  
He cannot hold the stars, nor make  
A seven years a century.

So time will give us what we earn  
Who flaunt the handful for the whole,  
And leave us all that we may learn

Who read the surface for the soul.  
And we'll be steering to the goal,  
For we have said so to our sons;  
When we who ride can pay the toll  
Time humors the far-seeing ones.  
Down to our noses' very end  
We see, and are invincible,  
Too vigilant to comprehend  
The scope of what we cannot sell;  
But while we seem to know, as well  
As we know dollars, or our skins,  
The Titan may not always tell  
Just where the boundary begins.

*Edwin Arlington Robinson*

## TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(1912)

I HEAR a mighty people asking now  
Who next shall be their captain and  
their chief.

Amidst them towers a Man as Teneriffe  
Towers from the ocean, and that Man art  
Thou—

Thou of the shaggy and the craggy brow.  
The day of fate comes on; the time is brief;  
Round the great ship is many a lurking reef;  
And wouldst thou drive once more that  
giant prow?

Perhaps thou shalt and must! But if the  
choice

Fall on another voyager, thou shalt still

Be what thou art, thy nation's living voice,  
Wherewith she speaks in thunder. Nay,  
    thou art more;  
Thou art her fiery pulse, her conquering will;  
Thou art America, dauntless Theodore.

*William Watson*

IN PUBLIC LIFE



## THE PROGRESSIVE

**T**HE world is waiting, in a crucial pause,  
Breathless, with nature; and a silent  
    song  
Falls in mute beauty from the starry  
    throng;  
For Heaven with Earth unites in vast  
    applause,  
While wide America forsakes each cause  
Of petty import—broad-winged, giant-  
    strong,  
And joins its million hands o'er acres long  
To choose a chief who shall wield well its  
    laws.  
Choose him, the nations and the planets  
    sing,  
Who shall to Labor, weary-worn, yield  
    mirth;  
Who shall to those afflicted Justice bring;  
Who shall admit to woman greater worth;  
Who shall educe the best from everything.  
He shall lead progress to the spinning earth!

*Julia Cooley*

## THE MAN IN THE WHITE HOUSE

(An acrostic)

**T**HE chance-flung favorite of no lucky  
    hour,—  
Here is the man who strode, not rose, to  
    power!

Eyes riveted on duty, not reward,  
Offering his country heart and brain and  
sword;

Danger he scorn'd and ease he put away,  
On toward fame's summit plodding night  
and day;

Ranchman, rough-rider, patriot, magis-  
trate,—

Exalting Law, and reverencing the State,—  
Rich in that rare inheritance of worth  
Old as the heavens and honest as the earth;  
Oak-hearted, fearless, pure as Galahad,—  
Sycophants hate him, spoilsmen think him  
mad.

Except our land beget such sons as he  
Vain are our boastings of prosperity;  
Empty of self-conceit, big-soul'd, robust,—  
Love warms his will, yet nerves it to be just,—  
This is a ruler whom the ruled can trust!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles*

#### THE BALLAD OF GRIZZLY GULCH

THE rocks are rough, the trail is tough,  
The forest lies before,  
As madly, madly to the hunt  
Rides good King Theodore  
With woodsmen, plainsmen, journalists  
And kodaks thirty-four.

The bobcats howl, the panthers growl,  
"He sure is after us!"



As by his side lopes Bill, the Guide,  
A wicked-looking cuss—  
“Chee-chee!” the little birds exclaim,  
“Ain’t Teddy stren-oo-uss!”

Though dour the climb with slip and slime,  
King Ted he doesn’t care,  
Till, cracking peanuts on a rock,  
Behold, a Grizzly-Bear!  
King Theodore he shows his teeth,  
But he never turns a hair.

“Come hither, Court Photographer,”  
The genial monarch saith,  
“Be quick to snap your picture-trap  
As I do yon bear to death.”  
“Dee-lighted!” cries the smiling Bear,  
As he waits and holds his breath.

Then speaks the Court Biographer,  
And a handy guy is he,  
“First let me wind my biograph,  
That the deed recorded be.”  
“A square deal!” saith the patient Bear,  
With ready repartee.

And now doth mighty Theodore  
For slaughter raise his gun;  
A flash, a bang, an ursine roar—  
The dready deed is done!  
And now the kodaks thirty-four  
In chorus click as one.

The big brown bruin stricken falls  
And in his juices lies;  
His blood is spent, yet deep content  
Beams from his limpid eyes.  
“Congratulations, dear old pal!”  
He murmurs as he dies.

From Cripple Creek and Soda Springs,  
Gun Gulch and Gunnison,  
A-foot, a-sock, the people flock  
To see that deed of gun;  
And parents bring huge families  
To show what *they* have done.

On the damp corse stands Theodore  
And takes a hand of each,  
As loud and long the happy throng  
Cries “Speech!” again and “Speech!”  
Which pleaseth well King Theodore,  
Whose practice is to preach.

“Good friends,” he says, “lead outdoor  
lives  
And Fame you yet may see—  
Just look at Lincoln, Washington,  
And great Napoleon B.;  
And after that take off your hats  
And you may look at me!”

But as he speaks a Messenger  
Cries, “Sire, a telegraft!”  
The king up takes the wireless screed,

Which he opens fore and aft,  
And reads, "The Venezuelan stew  
Is boiling over.           TAFT."

Then straight the good King Theodore  
In anger drops his gun  
And turns his flashing spectacles  
Toward high-domed Washington.  
"O tush!" he saith beneath his breath,  
"A man can't have no fun!"

Then comes a disappointed wail  
From every rock and tree.  
"Good-by, good-by!" the grizzlies cry  
And ring their handkerchee.  
And a sad bobcat exclaims, "O drat!  
He never shot at me!"

So backward, backward from the hunt  
The monarch lopes once more.  
The Constitution rides behind  
And the Big Stick rides before  
(Which was a rule of precedent  
In the reign of Theodore).

*Wallace Irwin*

## THE ESCORT OF THE YELLOWSTONE

"Cinnabar, Mont., April 23—The President's vacation here (Yellowstone Park) is at an end. . . . He rode a big grey horse named Bonaparte, belonging to Troop B, Third Cavalry, during the whole of his tour, and spent most of his time studying the habits of the animals. . . . On April 11 the President and party

got in among a band of nearly two thousand elk, and one band followed the party for over a mile." *Times-Despatch*.

ABOVE him the wild skies bending,  
Beneath him the wastes of snow—  
Through the hush of the forest wending,  
And over the black plateau  
He rode, with his strong heart glowing,  
In a clime of old, held dear,  
And the winds of the west were blowing  
With the music he loves to hear.

Beside him, with clanking sabre,  
The brown-cheeked trooper rode,  
Yet, he passed as friend and neighbor,  
Where the things of the wild abode—  
Where the things that people the places  
Of mountain and hill and fen  
Were waiting, with kindly faces,  
To welcome the chief of men:

And so that they, too, might render  
Their tribute of love to him,  
Forth, then, in their strength and splendor  
From the forests dark and dim,  
From the wastes and the gushing fountains  
Like a leaping wave of flame,  
The antlered kings of the mountains  
In royal escort came.

Down through the wild wastes riding,  
They followed him over the snow,

By the peaks in the cloud-mists hiding,  
And down to the broad plateau;  
And never, in song or story,  
In tourney, or feast, or fray,  
Rode king or khan in his glory  
As this man rode that day.

*John S. M'Groarty*

### THE UNAFRAID

Fishing in Colorado, the author of these verses observed only trout being caught. Asking his cowboy guide why that was so, he was told: "Only the game-fish swim up-stream." That is the theme of the poem which was written at once. Colonel Roosevelt prized the poem highly and wrote to the author with enthusiasm about it. Mr. Moore headed the Tennessee delegation that nominated Roosevelt for the Presidency in 1916, an honor declined. EDITOR.

ONLY the lion kings the land  
Who is whelped in the desert's fire;  
Only the stallion lords the band  
With the hoof unmurk'd with mire,  
The peak for the eagle to preen and to  
dream—  
Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the ocean carries a sail  
That foams to the blizzard's breath;  
The silent seas that creep and quail  
Are asleep with the curse of death,  
The sky for the rocket to glow and to  
gleam—  
Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the stars are suns which burn  
 By the heat of their own heart's light:  
 The million worlds which round them turn  
 Float dead in nebulous night.  
 The meteor's burst is its funeral beam—  
 Only the game-fish swims up-stream.

Only the man is made for fame—  
 Ocean and eagle and sun—  
 Whose soul, by fate, is dipt in flame  
 And winged with the winners who run.  
 Fame for the Faithful—death for the dead—  
 The peak and the star for the Unafraid!

*John Trotwood Moore*

### GUESS WHO?

(1916)

SOMETIMES fantastical,  
 Often bombastical,  
 Always dynamic and never scholastical,  
 Slightly uproarious,  
 Bracing as Boreas,  
 Living each day with a zest that is glorious,  
 Bane of the highbrows and folk hypercritical,  
 Subject of many a plutocrat's curse,  
 Buried in state by his foemen political  
 Only to climb up and pilot the hearse!

There is an air to him,  
 There's such a flare to him,

There's such a rare, debonair do-and-dare  
to him!

Bulldog tenacity,  
Mixed with vivacity,  
Tempered with humor and sense and  
sagacity;

What if his speeches are crowded with  
platitudes,

Somehow he's built on the popular plan,  
Actions and manner and sayings and atti-  
tudes,

All of them prove him a Regular Man!

Quite undistressable,

Most irrepressible,

Open and frank—yet a problem unguessable,  
Terse, though didactical,

Learned, but practical,

Strong for preparedness, moral and tactical,

Vivid and vital and vervy and vigorous,

Simply and humanly “playing the game,”

Preaching and living a life that is rigorous,  
—Give you three guesses to call him by  
name!

*Berton Braley*





AFTER THE PRESIDENCY



## MISSING

I LAY down my fresh morning paper,  
I drop it at once from my hand;  
No thrilling account of his caper  
Appears there to stir up the land,  
There's nothing on roses or rabies,  
There's nothing on taxes or teeth,  
There's nothing on ballots or babies,  
No sword is a-clank in its sheath—  
It makes me feel terribly solemn;  
No longer he fills the first column.

I used to get up every morning  
And read while my breakfast grew cold  
A blending of promise and warning,  
A mixture of praising and scold;  
I used to call out to my neighbor:  
"Well, here he is at it again"—  
Alas, he has beaten his sabre  
Into a contributing pen.  
It makes me tremendously solemn  
To miss him now in that first column.

He hasn't gone up with the flyers,  
He hasn't whizzed out on the train,  
He hasn't named four or five liars,  
He simply is not raising Cain!  
Why, hang it! it doesn't seem proper  
A paper like this to peruse!  
There's nothing comes out of the hopper  
Except the day's run of the news.

I stand here with countenance solemn  
And ask why he left the first column.

So sudden it was—in a minute  
That column relinquished his name.  
One day he was certainly in it,  
Next morning it wasn't the same.  
It interferes some with my eating;  
There's nothing but items to read—  
No speaking, or parting, or greeting,  
No frazzles, or challenge to heed.  
By gracious! I've felt mighty solemn  
Since he fell out of the first column!

*Jefferson Toombs*

#### THE FIRST PAGER

SCHOLAR and soldier, wit and sage,  
Rancher, rover and family man;  
Critic of music, art and stage,  
Preacher and lawyer and artisan.  
Journalist, naturalist, jury, judge,  
Anything, everything, large and small;  
Safe in your fame, without a grudge,  
The greatest First Pager of them all.

Epigrammatist, hewer of wood,  
Student of earth and sea and sky;  
Flaming Evangel of Rectitude,  
Politician and Samurai.  
Poet, historian, master of theme,  
Prince attuned to the peasant's call;

Bane of bosses, yet Boss supreme—  
The greatest First Pager of them all.

How he played on the heart and mind!  
Fount of the nation's cheers and tears!  
Centuries' lore of myriad kind  
Crammed in a life of sixty years.  
Foe ferocious and gentle friend,  
Martinet, mentor and seneschal;  
Strenuous superman till the end—  
The greatest First Pager of them all.

Never an equal was ever known;  
Never a peer in Glory's hall!  
Good luck, Teddy! you shone alone  
The greatest First Pager of them all!

*Guy Lee*



HIS TRAVELS





## “BWANA TUMBO”—THE GREAT HUNTER

An elephant, straying from its herd, broke into a bazaar at Masingi, East Africa. It played havoc with the merchandise spread out for sale and created a panic among the natives. “Do not worry,” their ruler told them. “Colonel Roosevelt is on his way to hunt in this section; he will rid Masingi of bad elephants.” Lions had approached Kilindini, the landing-place at Mombasa. The people were in terror. “Be at peace—President Roosevelt will slay them!” the natives were told. Thus Roosevelt’s fame went before him.

**B**EYOND the sea there’s much contented  
grunting,  
The wild hyena laughs;  
The elephant has trumpeted: “No hunting!  
And no more photographs!”

Beyond the sea the tom-toms are a-drum-  
ming  
Farewell to Theodore;  
All Africa with business now is humming,  
Dried up the trail of gore.

He will not change for monkeys, lions,  
tigers,  
The empire of the West,  
Sweet Oyster Bay’s cool plunge for torrid  
Niger’s,  
The man who knows no rest.

*Walter Beverly Crane*

## ENOUGH

"It was bully while it lasted, but it lasted long enough."

*Colonel Roosevelt's comment on his African hunt.*

**D**OESN'T seem much chance to doubt it—

What the papers said he said,  
 Yet there's something strange about it  
 Coming from our zestful Ted.  
 Never, never in the past did  
 Anybody hear such stuff—  
 "It was bully while it lasted,  
 But it lasted long enough."

Everything he did was "bully,"

Life was just one perfect song,  
 Though he wished each job were fully  
 Twice as hard and twice as long.  
 Now he says the Afric vast did  
 Pall upon his fibre tough:  
 "It was bully while it lasted,  
 But it lasted long enough."

When upon the hills of Cuba  
 Or the wild and woolly West  
 His young heart was singing juba  
 As he met each manly test,  
 Never was our hearing blasted  
 By a dictum half so rough:  
 "It was bully while it lasted,  
 But it lasted long enough."

Can it be that ancient vigor  
 Has departed from that frame,

That he's older from the rigor  
Of the chase of tropic game?  
That his banner is half-masted  
When he speaks this sort of guff—  
“It was bully while it lasted,  
But it lasted long enough”?

Fervently and long we pray it  
May be something quite untrue,  
If you said it, please unsay it,  
Theodore,—it's not like you;  
Surely some reporter crass did  
Much misquote you—for a bluff—  
“It was bully while it lasted,  
But it lasted long enough.”

*Berton Braley*

### THE RETURN

THE cyclone-cellar's open wide  
And filling with a crowd.  
They pour in like an endless tide,  
For they have seen a cloud.  
Soon they will shut the safety-door,  
Nor leave an open crack;  
Since most of them were hit before:  
*T. R. is back.*

The malefactors of great wealth  
Are gathered in the gloom,  
And nature fakers, for their health,  
Have sought that darkened room.

A Governor or two is there;  
Of Senators no lack.  
A dark-blue haze pervades the air;  
*T. R. is back.*

Newspaper men rise with the sun  
And work until it's late.  
The news that occupied page one  
Is printed on page eight:  
On all the pages in between  
You'll find in white and black  
The things he's said; the things he's seen:  
*T. R. is back.*

Now each Rough Rider wears his suit  
And oils his Forty-five;  
They swarm, from San Antone to Butte,  
Like bees about to hive.  
The *Outlook* office glows with flowers  
And discipline is slack;  
For everybody counts the hours:  
*T. R. is back.*

Every committee's wide awake;  
The ship's already here.  
Each mother of fourteen will take  
Her offspring down to cheer.  
The Big Stick's cleaned and polished down;  
They want to see it whack  
Some Ananias on the crown:  
*T. R. is back.*

*Walter Trumbull*

## FROM HAUNTS OF BEASTS

FROM haunts of beasts, and tangled vine,  
From unknown jungles and wild dunes,  
From strange new rivers on the line  
Of Capricorn and tropic suns,  
Into a wilderness, indeed,  
Where only fools and knaves hold  
power,—  
Oh, Captain, come and intercede  
For us who need you at this hour.

At home our foes are manifold  
And traitors do not feel the light.  
The sword of justice lies in mould;  
There is no victory for the right.  
We grope in darkness and dismayed  
Afar we hear the roll of thunder;  
While at the Capitol—outplayed—  
Our Chiefs pile blunder upon blunder.

Abroad our flag dishonored trails,  
The sport of every bandit king  
And unavenged the widow wails  
Her dead that stare mute questioning.  
We are beset by countless harm  
And stagger on distraught and blind;—  
Oh, for the valor of your arm,  
The courage of your heart and mind!

Hail, Captain!—lover of us all!—  
We watch for you with eager eyes.  
From sea to sea your name we call

And not until the last man dies  
 Can be your deeds and you forgot;  
 For in our heart there burns a flame,  
 That even when we shall be not,  
 Will crown and glorify your name.

Only from those who have we ask  
 And they are the ones who always give  
 And spend and are spent in the task  
 That every man may freely live—  
 Only from those who have we ask,  
 Of them we need no sacred vow,  
 Though dark and terrible the task—  
 Therefore, Great Captain, lead us now.

*Joseph Bernard Rethy*

### COLONEL ROOSEVELT IN DOMINICA

(February 26, 1916)

**A** HANDFUL of blacks drawn up on the  
 quay of Roseau,  
 Recruits from a dozing sun-drenched island.  
 We wondered  
 How they would face harsh steel and vigil  
 and snow.  
 Then he spoke, spoke of their glory. As if  
 he had thundered  
 The praise of gods, they straightened and  
 stiffened to men,  
 With the look: "Now we are ready to die  
 again and again!"

*Richard Butler Glaenzer*

THE WORLD WAR





TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(On his sixtieth birthday, Oct. 27, 1918.)

TO-DAY your threescore years have  
toll'd,  
And millions fain would grasp your  
hand,  
And pray that you be never old,  
You noblest servant in our land.

None lives that matches your good deeds;  
May all your years the tale fulfil;  
No eye so plainly sees our needs—  
Our captain once, our pilot still.

On fields of France your blood has flow'd,  
In France fights all you hold most dear;  
'Tis well you were denied that road—  
You serve us better, fighting here.

Fight on! Reiterate each day  
The truths that none but you dare tell.  
Guide us along the only way  
That does not lead us toward hell.

Amid the jarring and the lurch  
Of words, quacks, incantations, cures,  
Whose shoulder is the eagle's perch?  
Soldier of Liberty, 'tis yours.

*Owen Wister*

## THE CALL OF THE HOUR

(Written on the occasion of Colonel Roosevelt's offer to lead a battalion to France.)

OPEN the gates to Roosevelt; make way  
for his marching throng!  
From East and West they are coming,  
thousands on thousands strong.  
This is no time to look askance, to palter  
or deny;  
Give heed, for we are the People, and we  
are asking—*why?*

Open the gates to Roosevelt; each hour is  
precious now;  
We are bound to the strife for freedom by  
an old unchanging vow.  
The strong await your ruling; will you  
frown and pass them by?  
While the deep call rings about us, and the  
world is asking why?

Open the gates to Roosevelt; we'll fight  
with France again!  
She calls through the battle's thunder, "For  
God's sake give us men!"  
A gift is ours for the giving that none may  
dare deny.  
Take heed, for we are the People, and we  
shall ask you why!

We know the men and the leaders,—they  
come with hearts aflame;  
The swift and brave to-day must save a  
world from death or shame;  
Then open the gates to Roosevelt; haste,  
lest the great Cause die!  
And the voice of a mighty People in wrath  
shall ask you why!

*Marion Couthouy Smith*

‘ROOSEVELT TO FRANCE’

SEND Roosevelt  
Ower tae France;  
Send tae the trenches  
Thot square-jawed,  
Clear-brained,  
Fechtlin’ mon,  
And send him  
Quickly;  
Whit though he isna  
Schule-bred soldier,  
Whit enough  
He isna fitted  
Fir graun’ tactics  
Or the movin’  
O’ great armies;  
He’s a fechtin’ mon.  
Ilka drop  
O’ the red blude  
Thot floods  
His hamely body

Is fechtin' blude;  
Ilka inch o' him  
Is fechtin' inch,  
Ilka ounce  
O' the lad  
Is fechtin' ounce.  
Sore-pressed France  
Hes telt us  
Thot she needs him,  
And he's askit us  
Tae send him ower  
Fir tae help,  
And whit fir reason  
Can we gie  
Fir a refusal?  
Folk tell me  
Thot Teddy  
Wull ne'er make  
A great general;  
Thot a' he'd take  
Tae France  
Wad be a name,  
And a' thot I  
Can answer them  
Is this—  
Thenk the gude Lord  
It's a clean name,  
It's sic a name  
As I wad follow,  
If I wes a soldier-lad,  
Intae the gates  
O' hell;

It's the name  
O' the one American  
Whae dared  
Tae tell us,  
In the lang months  
Since this great  
World-wide war  
Hes sterted,  
The unshrinkin' truth;  
The one American  
Whae dared  
Tae shake his fist  
Unner the noses  
O' a supine people,  
Lulled tae sleep  
Wi' pretty words,  
And tell us  
Tae prepare.  
Since thot first day  
When mornin' stars  
Taegether sang,  
Millions o' lads  
Hae died  
On battle-field  
Wi' smilin' faces—  
Fir a name;  
Millions o' mithers  
Hae kissed  
Their first-born  
And said gude-by  
Tae them,  
And sent them

Oot tae battle—  
 Fir a name;  
 Racks and thumbscrews,  
 Torture and death—  
 A' these  
 Hae been endured—  
 Fir a name,  
 And O frien's!  
 Leave us send  
 Ower tae France  
 The biggest name  
 America hes ken't  
 In lang, lang years;  
 Listen, folk,  
 Joffre and Roosevelt,  
 "And they sall be  
 An host."

Yir frien'

*Scotty*

EDITOR'S NOTE: After Colonel Roosevelt had read these verses, he sent to Sam (Scotty) Mortland, their author, who conducts a column in the Fresno (California) *Republican*, in Scotch dialect under the heading "Twa Mouthfu's o' Naethin'," the following characteristic letter:

Frien' Scotty: Sagamore Hill, Feb. 1, 1918

I have now read "Twa Mouthfu's" through. If I should die tomorrow I would be more than content to have as my epitaph, and my only epitaph, "Roosevelt to France"—to have it as the only thing which should keep alive my memory to my children and grandchildren.

Faithfully yours,

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

## MAN OF STRAIGHT WORD

MAN of straight word and valiant deed,  
Our guide and leader many a year;  
In this dark hour of doubt and fear,  
Be with thy people in their need.

These pigmies cannot wield thy sword;  
Fair words, false deeds, ignoble men,  
Perplex us. Bring strong life again  
O thou bright Champion of the Lord.

*Margaret Boyce Bonnell*

## FIGHTING STOCK

QUENTIN, the Eagle, nobly dead!  
Theodore wounded but plunging ahead;  
Archie, torn in the shrapnel's rain,  
Pleading to lead his lads again.  
Kermit, leaping from honors won  
To wrench new victories from the Hun!  
Here is no shielded, princeling clan,  
But front-line champions of man.  
Come, have we called the roll entire?  
Nay, add to it that sturdy sire  
Who guides in spirit his Bayard breed  
To starry goal and shining deed.

Fighting stock! Fighting stock!  
And millions more of the same brave strain  
Ploughing through Picardy and Lorraine.  
What tyrant can withstand their shock?  
Fighting stock! Fighting stock!

*Daniel Henderson*





ELEGIAC VERSE



## GREAT-HEART\*

(Theodore Roosevelt in 1919)

“The Interpreter then called for a man-servant of his,  
one Great-Heart.” *Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"*

CONCERNING brave Captains  
Our age hath made known  
For all men to honor,  
One standeth alone,  
Of whom, o'er both oceans  
Both Peoples may say:  
“Our realm is diminished  
With Great-Heart away.”

In purpose unsparing,  
In action no less,  
The labors he praised  
He would seek and profess  
Through travail and battle,  
And hazard and pain. . . .  
And our world is none the braver  
Since Great-Heart was ta'en!

Plain speech with plain folk,  
And plain words for false things,  
Plain faith in plain dealing  
’Twixt neighbors or kings

\* Copyright, 1919, by Rudyard Kipling.

He used and he followed,  
    However it sped. . . .  
Oh, our world is none more honest  
    Now Great-Heart is dead!

The heat of his spirit  
    Struck warm through all lands;  
For he loved such as showed  
    'Emselves men of their hands;  
In love, as in hate,  
    Paying home to the last. . . .  
But our world is none the kinder  
    Now Great-Heart hath passed!

Hard-schooled by long power,  
    Yet most humble of mind  
Where aught that he was  
    Might advantage mankind.  
Leal servant, loved master,  
    Rare comrade, sure guide. . . .  
Oh, our world is none the safer  
    Now Great-Heart hath died!

Let those who would handle  
    Make sure they can wield  
His far-reaching sword  
    And his close-guarding shield;  
For those who must journey  
    Henceforward alone  
Have need of stout convoy  
    Now Great-Heart is gone.

*Rudyard Kipling*

## WITH THE TIDE

SOMEWHERE I read, in an old book  
whose name

Is gone from me, I read that when the days  
Of a man are counted, and his business done  
There comes up the shore at evening, with  
the tide,

To the place where he sits, a boat—  
And in the boat, from the place where he  
sits, he sees,

Dim in the dusk, dim and yet so familiar,  
The faces of his friends long dead; and knows  
They come for him, brought in upon the tide,  
To take him where men go at set of day.  
Then rising, with his hands in theirs, he goes  
Between them his last steps, that are the  
first

Of the new life—and with the ebb they pass,  
Their shaken sail grown small upon the  
moon.

Often I thought of this, and pictured me  
How many a man who lives with throngs  
about him,

Yet straining through the twilight for that  
boat

Shall scarce make out one figure in the stern,  
And that so faint its features shall perplex  
him

With doubtful memories—and his heart  
hang back.

But others, rising as they see the sail  
Increase upon the sunset, hasten down,  
Hands out and eyes elated; for they see  
Head over head, crowding from bow to stern,  
Repeopling their long loneliness with smiles,  
The faces of their friends; and such go forth  
Content upon the ebb tide, with safe hearts.

But never  
To worker summoned when his day was done  
Did mounting tide bring in such freight of  
    friends  
As stole to you up the white wintry shingle  
That night while they that watched you  
    thought you slept.  
Softly they came, and beached the boat,  
    and gathered  
In the still cove under the icy stars,  
Your last-born, and the dear loves of your  
    heart,  
And all men that have loved right more  
    than ease,  
And honor above honors; all who gave  
Free-handed of their best for other men,  
And thought their giving taking: they who  
    knew  
Man's natural state is effort, up and up—  
All these were there, so great a company  
Perchance you marvelled, wondering what  
    great ship  
Had brought that throng unnumbered to  
    the cove

Where the boys used to beach their light  
canoe

After old happy picnics—

But these, your friends and children, to  
whose hands

Committed, in the silent night you rose  
And took your last faint steps—

These led you down, O great American,  
Down to the winter night and the white  
beach,

And there you saw that the huge hull that  
waited

Was not as are the boats of the other dead,  
Frail craft for a brief passage; no, for this  
Was first of a long line of towering trans-  
ports,

Storm-worn and ocean-weary every one,  
The ships you launched, the ships you  
manned, the ships

That now, returning from their sacred quest  
With the thrice-sacred burden of their dead,  
Lay waiting there to take you forth with  
them,

Out with the ebb tide, on some farther quest.

*Edith Wharton*

#### AT SAGAMORE HILL

**A**LL things proceed as though the stage  
were set

For acts arranged. I have not learned the  
part,

The day enacts itself. I take the tube,  
Find daylight at Jamaica, know the place  
Through some rehearsal, all the country  
know

Which glides along the window, is not seen  
For definite memory. At Oyster Bay  
A taxi stands in readiness; in a trice  
We circle strips of water, slopes of hills,  
Climb where a granite wall supports a hill,  
A mass of blossoms, ripening berries, too,  
And enter at a gate, go up a drive,  
Shadowed by larches, cedars, silver willows.  
This taxi just ahead is in the play,  
Is here in life as I had seen it in  
The crystal of prevision, reaches first  
The porte-cochère. This moment from the  
door

Comes Roosevelt, and greets the man who  
leaves

The taxi just ahead, then waits for me,  
Puts a strong hand that softens into mine,  
And says, O, this is bully!

We go in.

He leaves my antecessor in a room  
Somewhere along the hall, and comes to me  
Who wait him in the roomy library.  
How are those lovely daughters? Oh, by  
George!

I thought I might forget their names, I  
know—

It's Madeline and Marcia. Yes, you know



Corinne adores the picture which you sent  
Of Madeline—your boy, too? In the war!  
That's bully—tea is coming—we must talk,  
I have five hundred things to ask you—set  
The tea things on this table, Anna—now,  
Do you take sugar, lemon? O, you smoke!  
I'll give you a cigar.

The talk begins.

He's dressed in canvas khaki, flannel shirt,  
Laced boots for farming, chopping trees,  
perhaps;  
A stocky frame, curtains of skin on cheeks  
Drained slightly of their fat; gash in the  
neck  
Where pus was emptied lately; one eye dim,  
And growing dimmer; almost blind in that.  
And when he walks he rolls a little like  
A man whose youth is fading, like a cart  
That rolls when springs are old. He is a  
moose,  
Scarred, battered from the hunters, thickets,  
stones;  
Some finest tips of antlers broken off,  
And eyes where images of ancient things  
Flit back and forth across them, keeping  
still  
A certain slumberous indifference  
Or wisdom, it may be.

But then the talk!

Bronze dolphins in a fountain cannot spout

More streams at once. Of course the war,  
the emperor,  
America in the war, his sons in France,  
The dangers, separation, let them go!  
The fate has been appointed—to our task,  
Live full our lives with duty, go to sleep!  
For I say, he exclaims, the man who fears  
To die should not be born, nor left to live.  
It's Celtic poetry, free verse. He says:  
You nobly celebrate in your Spoon River  
The pioneers, the soldiers of the past,  
Why do you flout our Philippine adventure?  
No difference, Colonel, in the stock; the  
difference  
Lies in the causes. Well, another stream:  
Mark Hanna, Quay and others. What I  
hate,  
He says to me, is the Pharisee—I can stand  
All other men. And you will find the men  
So much maligned had gentle qualities,  
And noble dreams. Poor Quay, he loved  
the Indians,  
Sent for me when he lay there dying, said,  
Look after such a tribe when I am dead.  
I want to crawl upon a sunny rock  
And die there like a wolf. Did he say that,  
Colonel, to you? Yes! and you know, a  
man  
Who says a thing like that has in his soul  
An orb of light to flash that meaning forth  
Of heroism, nature.

Time goes on,  
The play is staged, must end; my taxi comes  
In half an hour or so. Before it comes,  
Let's walk about the farm and see my corn.  
A fellow on the porch is warming heels  
As we go by. I'll see him when you go,  
The Colonel says.

The rail fence by the corn  
Is good to lean on as we stand and talk  
Of farming, cattle, country life. We turn,  
Sit for some moments in a garden-house  
On which a rose-vine clammers all in bloom,  
And from this hilly place look at the strips  
Of water from the bay a mile beyond,  
Below some several terraces of hills  
Where firs and pines are growing. This  
resembles  
A scene in Milton that I've read. He  
knows,  
Catches the reminiscence, quotes the lines  
—and then  
Something of country silence, look of grass  
Where the wind stirs it, mystical little  
breaths  
Coming between the roses; something, too,  
In Vulcan's figure; he is Vulcan, too,  
Deprived his shop, great bellows, hammer,  
anvil,  
Sitting so quietly beside me, hands  
Spread over knees; something of these  
evokes

A pathos, and immediately in key  
With all of this he says: I have achieved  
By labor, concentration, not at all  
By gifts or genius, being commonplace  
In all my faculties.

Not all, I say.

One faculty is not, your over-mind,  
Eyed front and back to see all faculties,  
Govern and watch them. If we let you  
state

Your case against you, timid born, you  
say,

Becoming brave, asthmatic, growing strong:  
No marksman, yet becoming skilled with  
guns;

No gift of speech, yet winning golden speech;  
No gift of writing, writing books, no less  
Of our America to thrill and live—

If, as I say, we let you state your case  
Against you as you do, there yet remains  
This over-mind, and that is what—a gift  
Of genius or of what? By George, he says,  
What are you, a theosophist? I don't  
know.

I know some men achieve a single thing,  
Like courage, charity, in this incarnation;  
You have achieved some twenty things. I  
think

That this is going some for a man whose  
gifts

Are commonplace and nothing else.

We rise  
And saunter toward the house—and there's  
the man  
Still warming heels; my taxi, too, has come.  
We are to meet next Wednesday in New  
York  
And finish up some subjects—he has  
thoughts  
How I can help America, if I drop  
This line or that a little, all in all.  
\* \* \* \* \*  
But something happens; I have met a loss;  
Would see no one, and write him I am off.  
And on that Wednesday flashes from the  
war  
Say Quentin has been killed; we had not met  
If I had stayed to meet him.

So, good-by  
Upon the lawn at Sagamore was good-by,  
Master of Properties, you stage scene  
And let us speak and pass into the wings!  
One thing was fitting—dying in your sleep—  
A touch of Nature, Colonel, you who loved  
And were beloved of Nature, felt her hand  
Upon your brow at last to give to you  
A bit of sleep, and after sleep perhaps  
Rest and rejuvenation; you will wake  
To newer labors, fresher victories  
Over those faculties not disciplined  
As you desired them in these sixty years.

*Edgar Lee Masters*

SMALL MEN AT GRAPPLE WITH  
A MIGHTY HOUR

SMALL men at grapple with a mighty  
hour,  
I watch their honest straining at their  
task,  
Or their poor strutting mimics of power;  
And well I know 'tis all in vain to ask  
A strength not theirs, or depth from the  
shallow soil:  
But I bethink me sadly of a man  
With giant shoulder for a giant's toil,—  
Lost Atlas of our world American.  
Would it were his to bend his shaping eye  
On our unruly Chaos, call it to heel  
And cow it back to Order, and defy,  
With scorn of his great anger, the wild  
steel  
Of fool rebellion, and with hammer blows  
Forge us a new republic 'gainst our foes.

*Richard Le Gallienne*

IN WHICH ROOSEVELT IS COMPARED  
TO SAUL

WHERE is David? . . . Oh, God's  
people,  
Saul has passed, the good and great.  
Mourn for Saul, the first-anointed  
Head and shoulders o'er the state.

---

He was found among the prophets,  
Judge and monarch merged in one.  
But the wars of Saul are ended,  
And the works of Saul are done.

Where is David, ruddy shepherd,  
God's boy-king for Israel?  
Mystic, ardent, dowered with beauty,  
Singing where still waters dwell?

Prophets find that destined minstrel  
Wandering on the range to-day,  
Driving sheep and crooning softly  
Psalms that cannot pass away.

"David waits," the prophet answers,  
"In a black, notorious den,  
In a cave upon the border,  
With four hundred outlaw men.

"He is fair and loved of women,  
Mighty-hearted, born to sing,  
Thieving, weeping, erring, praising,  
Radiant, royal rebel-king.

"He will come with harp and psalt'ry,  
Quell his troop of convict swine,  
Quell his mad-dog roaring rascals,  
Witching them with tunes divine.

"They will ram the walls of Zion,  
They will win us Salem Hill,

All for David, shepherd David,  
Singing like a mountain rill."

*Vachel Lindsay*

#### THE SPACIOUS DAYS OF ROOSEVELT

THESE were the spacious days of Roosevelt.

Would that among you chiefs like him arose  
To win the wrath of our united foes,  
To chain King Mammon in the donjon-keep,  
To rouse our godly citizens that sleep  
Till as one soul we shout up to the sun  
The battle-yell of freedom and the right—  
"Lord, let good men unite."

Nay, I would have you lonely and despised.  
Statesmen whom only statesmen understand,

Artists whom only artists can command,  
Sages whom all but sages scorn, whose fame  
Dies down in lies, in synonyms for shame,  
With the best populace beneath the sun.  
God give us tasks that martyrs can revere,  
Still too much hated to be whispered here.

Would we might drink with knowledge high  
and kind

The hemlock cup of Socrates the King,  
Knowing right well we know not anything,  
With full life done, bowing before the law,  
Binding young thinkers' hearts with loyal  
awe,



And fealty fixed as the ever-enduring sun—  
God let us live, seeking the highest light,  
God help us die aright.

Nay, I would have you grand and still  
forgotten,  
Hid like the stars at noon, as he who set  
The Egyptian magic of man's alphabet;  
Or that far Coptic, first to dream of pain  
That dauntless souls cannot by death be  
slain—  
Conquering for all men then the fearful  
grave.  
God keep us hid, yet vaster far than death.  
God help us to be brave.

*Vachel Lindsay*

#### THE A. E. F. TO T. R.

This poem is a paraphrase of a beautiful tribute in  
prose, published in *Stars and Stripes*. EDITOR.

**G**ONE is the joy,—gone is the thrill of  
returning;  
We who had longed to share with you all  
our laurels,  
To lay them at the feet of our great com-  
panion;—  
Hushed is rejoicing!

Never again to see the light from your  
window  
Shining across the land that you loved and  
inspired,—

“Put out the light,” you said, and slept;  
but not dreaming  
The darkness for others.

You, our leader, but more, our greatest  
companion—  
Near enough for the spur of your voice and  
your hand-grip,  
Ever ready to share, but sharing, still lead-  
ing  
Upward and onward.

Listen! This is our pledge, to fare and to  
follow,  
Follow the trail you blazed, without shadow  
of turning,—  
We, who have learned of you, shall not be  
found wanting  
Here or hereafter.  
*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

#### TO MY BROTHER

I LOVED you for your loving ways,  
The ways that many did not know;  
Although my heart would beat and glow  
When Nations crowned you with their bays.

I loved you for the tender hand  
That held my own so close and warm;  
I loved you for your winning charm,  
That brought gay sunshine to the land.

I loved you for the heart that knew  
The need of every little child;  
I loved you when you turned and  
smiled,—  
It was as though a fresh wind blew.

I loved you for your loving ways,  
The look that leaped to meet my eye,  
The ever-ready sympathy,  
The generous ardor of your praise.

I loved you for the buoyant fun  
That made perpetual holiday  
For all who ever crossed your way,  
The highest or the humblest one.

I loved you for the radiant zest,  
The thrill and glamour that you gave  
To each glad hour that we could save  
And garner from Time's grim behest.

I loved you for your loving ways,—  
And just because I loved them so,  
And now have lost them—thus I know,  
I must go softly all my days.

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

A WOMAN SPEAKS TO THEODORE  
ROOSEVELT'S SISTER

I NEVER clasped his hand,  
He never knew my name,  
And yet at his command,  
I followed like a flame.

I pressed amid the crowd  
To touch his garment's hem,  
As one of old once touched  
The Man of Bethlehem.

I was of those who toil,  
Whose bread is wet with tears,  
A daughter of the soil,  
And bent, though not with years.

His words would lift the veil  
That blurred my tired eyes,  
They seemed to strengthen me  
To serve and sacrifice.

And all the values lost,  
When life was cold and grim,  
Were clear and true again  
Interpreted by him.

Our leader and our friend,  
He knew what we must bear,  
And to the gallant end  
He bade us do and dare.

Clad in an armored truth,  
And by high purpose shod,  
He gave us back our youth,  
Our country, and our God!

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*

## THE MIGHTY OAK

**I**T hath crashed down—the mighty oak  
That was a mark to fisher-folk  
And stately vessels far at sea,  
The guide for travellers dismayed,  
The refuge in whose gracious shade  
Were sheltered age and infancy.

O, mariners who sailed by this,  
What well-loved landmark shall ye miss!  
And we, bewildered wandering folk,  
Lifting uncounselled eyes to-day  
Cry to each other in dismay,  
“It hath crashed down—the mighty oak!”

*Theodosia Garrison*

## THE LION THAT ROOSEVELT SHOT

**I** WAS a king of beasts, and he, all valor,  
Was king of men, and knew not rule  
of fear.

Before my tawny threat he showed no  
pallor,  
No startled sign of sudden danger near.

My body struggled hard, that crowded  
minute,

My soul, aloof, read mastery in his face,  
But knew the blow he dealt had glory in it,  
Nor any sting of rancor or disgrace,

Now in elysian woods at last foregathered,  
 Comrades, we range together, sire and  
     sire,  
 We who on earth were kings, and nobly  
     fathered,  
 And regally wore each his earth attire.

How proudly at his heel, in dawn or gloam-  
     ing,  
 With him, the lion-hearted, I am roaming!

*Isabel Fiske Conant*

#### ON GUARD

**P**AIN-WEARY, sore oppressed by time's  
     slow flight,—

Sated with grief for his dear, fallen lad,—  
 Irked by the folly of a world gone mad,—  
 He turned to sleep and said, "Put out the  
     light."

Then, in a moment, passed from earth and  
     night

To his high place, where deathless heroes  
     are.

And we, without him?—Nay—behold afar.  
 Already lit, his beacon-fire burns bright.

Lift—lift on high, with quick, responsive  
     hands,

His torch of leadership. High let it flame  
 Pledging our honor to his glorious name.  
 Beware who holds it! See, his spirit stands

With flashing sword, pointing its destined  
way—

A fire by night, a pillared cloud by day.

*Anonymous*

#### THE GREAT, WILD, FREE SOUL

THE great, wild, free soul  
Has passed.

His was the sturdy heart  
Of the untamed pioneer.

To him the roaring cataract  
And the souging woods  
Brought sweetest music.

He loved the distant reaches  
Of the great wide world,

And was lured  
Into strange lands  
And trackless solitudes.

An amazing man—

A master painter,  
Whose hand gave

To our nation's portraiture  
An heroic glow

It cannot lose.

*J. A. H.*

#### THOUGH OTHERS SLEPT

THOUGH others slept, he paced the  
parapet,

Heeding the signs and signals in the sky,  
Each ugly omen marked, lest we forget

Our solemn duty to humanity.  
Drugged by no subtle phrase or wily  
word,  
Of deadly makeshift, studiously shy,  
Ripe for the fight when Right and Justice  
stirred,  
Eager when Freedom called to answer  
"Aye."

Ready! The very word was made for him.  
Ordained for action though the world  
should pause.  
Obstinate? Yes, if will and purpose grim,  
Seem stubborn in a fight for righteous  
cause.

Enter his name upon the muster-roll,  
Vitaly charged with Jove's Olympic ire,  
Enter his name! For his unharnessed  
soul

Leaves with his sons the sabre of their sire,  
Tempered in zeal and patriotic fire.

*W. B. Gilbert*

"WE CANNOT THINK OF HIM AS  
OF THE DEAD"

**W**E cannot think of him as of the dead,  
The ancient dead, whose ghostly  
caravan  
Treads the dim ages since the world  
began.  
We cannot see that high-erected head



Lie in the dust whence all the dream has  
fled:

Grim, haughty Death has neither power  
nor plan

To rule the spirit of the valiant man  
Who unto Immortality is wed.

Life is the pulsing, radiant victor here,  
For he and Life together held the day,  
Undaunted down Life's tempest-  
stricken road.

Wherefore, as falls our unashamed tear  
We flame our greetings on his starward  
way

To Life's unfading and supreme abode.

*John Jerome Rooney*

#### A MAN!

**A**BOUT his brow the laurel and the bay  
Were often wreathed,—on this our  
memory dwells,—

Upon whose bier in reverence to-day  
We lay these immortelles.

His was a vital, virile, warrior soul;  
If force were needed, he exalted force;  
Unswerving as the pole-star to the pole,  
He held his righteous course.

He smote at Wrong, if he believed it Wrong,  
As did the Knight, with stainless acco-  
lade;

He stood for Right, unfalteringly strong,  
Forever unafraid.

With somewhat of the savant and the sage,  
He was, when all is said and sung, a man,  
The flower imperishable of this valiant  
age,—

A true American! *Clinton Scollard*

### GREAT IS OUR GRIEF

**G**REAT is our grief—O mighty soul—  
Not deeper is our loss.  
So recent was your brave heart called  
To bear this selfsame cross.  
The world is finer for your life  
By your example blest.  
May God grant peace to your fine soul—  
Leader of men—and rest!

*Nina Jones*

### “WHERE THE TREE FALLETH”

“Where the tree falleth, there shall it be.”

**T**HAT great American and patriot,  
Who voiced the ancient words, lies cold  
in death.  
No regal sepulchre his resting-place,  
But bare brown earth beneath the naked  
trees;  
No martial music beat beside his bier,

But distant booming of the surge, that  
broke

The silence of the everlasting hills.

Thus he sleeps amid the things he loved,

And in a quiet grave in far-off France

His gallant son lies buried—splendid boy,

Who flew on eagle wings, untried, untrained,

Yet fearless mounted ever in the blue,

And there found glorious death and death-  
less glory.

On wings invisible his spirit soared,

And where his broken body fell, it rests.

“Where the tree falleth, there shall it be.”

The fields of France and Flanders will be  
green

With buds of Spring, and myriad birds will  
sing

Above the crosses gleaming in the sun.

They sleep so quiet there, our soldier dead!

Shall we disturb their rest? Ah, say not  
so!

For we may love them there as well as here,

And Heaven will smile on them as gra-  
ciously.

They gave so gladly of their glorious youth,

And now they proudly lie among their peers.

Disturb them not; their splendid work is  
done.

Wrapped in the starry flag they loved so  
well

They sleep their dreamless, everlasting sleep.  
The red of poppies marks each resting-  
place,  
With white of lilies that they died to save,  
And Heaven's own blue smiles from behind  
the stars.

*Vilda Sawage Owens*

### THE EAGLE

**A** GLORIOUS Sun has set. And lo,  
from where  
The brooding darkness lies, a soul upsprings  
Like a strong eagle on his outstretched  
wings  
And soars away, so swift and keen to share  
All that is best in that new life up there  
With other splendid souls, to whom he brings,  
With the same faith he gave to earthly  
things,  
Brave messages of love beyond compare.

And one young soldier spirit stands and  
waits  
To greet and honor him at Heaven's gates.  
Nested by eagles in an atmosphere  
Of high, pure duty, patriotic, clear!  
Father and son; a nation's gift to God.  
We can but follow where their feet have  
trod.

*Caroline Russell Bispham*

## THE ONGOING

*“L*OOSE me from tears, and make me see  
aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to  
weep—  
Homer his sight, David his little lad.”

He will not come, the gallant flying boy,  
Back to his field. Somewhere he wings his  
way  
Where the Immortals keep; where Homer  
now  
Has back his sight, David his little lad;  
Where all those are we dully call the dead,  
Who have gone greatly on some shining  
quest,  
He takes his way. That which he quested  
for,  
That larger freedom of a larger birth,  
Captains him, flying into fields of dawn.

He has gone on where now the soldier-slain  
Arise in light. Somewhere he takes his  
place  
And leads his comrades in untrodden fields.  
For never can these rest until our earth  
Has ceased from travail—never can these  
take  
Their fill of sleep until the Scourge is slain.  
And so they keep them sometimes near old  
ways

In the accustomed fields—now flying low,  
Invisible, they cheer the gallant hosts,  
Bidding them be, as they, invincible.

Still he leads on, the gallant flying boy!  
Among the "great good Dead" he steers  
his boundless course.

Now where the soldier-poets pass in light—  
Where Brooke and Seeger and the others  
keep—

The singing Slain, the fearless fighting  
Dead—

He takes his brilliant way; or where those  
lately come

Our flying Great, Mitchel and all his men,  
Wait him in large, warm-hearted welcoming.

He will come never back! But we who  
watched

Him take the upper air and steer his bound-  
less path

Firmly against the foe, we know that here  
Death could not penetrate. Life only is  
Where all is life, and so, before us, keeps  
Always the vision of his faring on  
To unpathed fields where his great comrades  
wait,

And, joyful, take him for their captaining—  
The brave Adventurer,  
The gallant flying Boy!

*Mary Siegrist*

## DEATH AND ROOSEVELT

HE turned your lance, O Death,  
Full often from its mark;  
But he fought only in the day,  
Nor dreamed you'd take a coward's way,  
And stab him in the dark.

Were you afraid, O Death,—  
So brave a front he kept?  
Dared you not face him in the light,  
But crept upon him in the night,  
And slew him as he slept?

*Ernest Harold Baynes*

OH, FOR A SON OF THY RELENTLESS  
POWER

OH, for a son of thy relentless power,  
To dissipate the frowning dark of  
night,  
And lead our groping nation to the light,  
Far from the plaguing perils of the hour!  
Oh, for thy virile voice, thy noble dower  
Of loyalty, thy blood and bone of might,  
Thy moving spirit, swerving not from  
right,  
That knew no foe before whom it would  
· cower!

Master of men, sublimely strong and pure,  
Our love is thy unchiselled monument,

Which shall for ages in our hearts endure—

Yea, till dismay hath all its panic spent,  
And some great soul of thy bold signature  
Shall give to us a fearless government!

*Lilburn Harwood Townsend*

### GRAY IS THE PALL OF THE SKY

GRAY is the pall of the sky,  
Drear are the sea and the hill,  
Bitter and shrill is the cry

Of gray gulls from the shore.

White are the blossoms of snow

Strewn in his pathway to still

Footsteps of one who would go

From his loved Sagamore.

Free! He has gone to his own,

Gone to the men that he knew;

(He was not ours alone)

Men who were hopeful and strong,

Men who were simple and true;

Freemen who battled with wrong,

They of San Juan and Luzon,

They from the shades of Argonne,

Gather at call of the drum;

Proudly they pass in review,

Shouting, "Our Leader has come!"

Age had no rust for his blade,

Bright broke the steel in the fray;



Way for more heroes he made—  
On the trail he has gone.  
White are the blossoms of Spring,  
Blue is the arch of the day,  
Young are his comrades, who sing  
On their march to the dawn.

*Roger Sterrett*

### OUR LOST CAPTAIN

A KINGLY soul is dumb within the  
tomb.

Spent is the flame that burned so clear  
and free—

The Light upon the headland in the sea—  
Our brightest beacon quenched in cloud and  
gloom.

While thick around our course new perils  
loom,

Who may command, what leader shall  
there be

To speak to us with his authority,  
And warn us ere we rush upon our doom?

When storms shall brew beyond the misty  
deep,

When the gaunt form of Anarchy shall  
rise,

What guard will watch us like his sentinel  
eyes?

Who, when we dream, will rouse us from  
our sleep?

Aimless we drift—no compass, sail or oar,  
And our great captain points the way no  
more.

*William Dudley Foulke*

### INTO THE SILENCE

**T**HE stalwart hands, with firmness  
fraught,  
The brain that throbbed with virile thought,  
The patriot heart, true to the last,  
Have gone into the silence vast;  
And yet they leave a path of light  
Across the darkness of the night,—  
The threefold light of sword and pen  
And the strong leadership of men.

*William Hamilton Hayne*

### GUARDIAN OF THY LAND

**T**HE world grows tow'rd its disenthralled  
stage;  
New stirring currents through its veins  
are felt,  
And round its aged body, like a belt,  
Man weaves his spells with innovating rage.  
And as America forereads the age,  
And to her sons hath pregnant purpose  
dealt,  
Thy fearless vision fails her, Roosevelt!  
Thy practised hand no more may point  
the page.

Type of its force and guardian of thy land,  
Student and shaper of its destiny,  
From thinker and plain toiler on thy  
way  
Thou drankest deep of its democracy. . . .  
Then in its name and for the world we  
lay  
On thy cold lips a tremulous, reverent hand!  
*Herman Montagu Donner*

## FAREWELL!

“FAREWELL! Farewell, Great Heart!”  
The shouting runs  
From coast to coast, from sea to polar  
sea,  
Across far lands of tropic-sinking suns  
And isles of mystery!

Alas! The Leader whom we loved is gone!  
Who takes the place his going leaves  
unfilled?  
The face is cold we loved to look upon,—  
The mighty voice is stilled!

When others feared, his presence led the  
way:  
The wrong he smote when cravens stayed  
their hands!  
So is it that his memory to-day  
Light-crowned, immortal, stands!

The blame, the hate, the spite, the sneers  
of men  
Were things to him unworthy any  
thought!  
One thing alone directed sword or pen,—  
The thing his conscience taught!

His love of native land was deep as life,—  
A love no lure of gold could ever swerve:  
And when the nations plunged that land in  
strife,—  
His sword was first to serve!

We loved him living and we mourn him  
dead.  
The deeds he wrought throughout his  
life's high span  
Acclaim him, when the last true word is  
said,  
Our Great American!

*C. H. Van Housen*

#### TO A PATRIOT

NOT his the craven's rôle, nor any share  
In spiritless delay unleaderlike.  
Far-seeing, long he warned us to prepare  
Our thews for righteous combat—and to  
strike!  
Exiled from France by malice partisan,  
Upon her shrine he laid with solemn  
pride

Four sons, each to the core American.  
One fell in godlike battle. Far and wide  
The nation mourned, and rendered homage  
    vast  
To father and to son, mirrors of bold  
Lincolnian knighthood. Honor, ye who  
    cast  
Ballots of freedom, men of freedom's  
    mould!  
Under such leaders rise and smite the foe,  
Within, without, till victory's banners glow.  
*Harry T. Baker*

“PUT OUT THE LIGHT!”

“PUT out the light!” And so in dark  
    and night  
His spirit found the Everlasting Light.  
He is dead! Dear Heaven, how much we  
    need him!  
Dead! And there's none that can suc-  
    ceed him.  
Silent that voice that rose in fearless fight  
Against Autocracy's engulfing might,  
And pale the hand that held a torch of  
    flame,  
That rent the veil that hid the path of  
    shame.  
A Nation weeps, while all the world is sad,  
And only Heaven is glad.  
*Vilda Savage Owens*

## LEADER OF MEN

“ROOSEVELT is dead.” Why should  
that line

Strike to my heart, as if it told  
The death of some close kin of mine,  
Father or brother, friend of old?

I never saw him face to face—  
But once, some fourteen years ago,  
Outside the crowded meeting-place,  
When he addressed the overflow;

The fearless eyes, the firm-set chin,  
A man who loved the nobler fight—  
The short, swift gestures, driving in  
The things he knew were just and right;

A newer, deeper reverence  
For things that never can grow old;  
Judgments so filled with common sense  
Fools did not realize their gold;

And things which statesmen scorn to  
preach—  
The love of children, home, and wife;  
Old-fashioned laws, yet those whose breach  
May sap the proudest nation's life.

So with his passing now it seems  
The old, old order too is dead;  
The new, with all its restless dreams,  
Revolt and chaos, lowers ahead.

The coming storm in rage assaults  
The rocks that bulwarked all our past;  
And yet that age, with all its faults,  
Held things to which we must hold fast.

The outworn temples we thought good,  
False gods, may well be overthrown;  
The broad foundations where he stood  
We still will cherish as our own.

“Roosevelt is dead.” Our leader gone!  
To-day there stands his vacant chair,—  
Not in that island home alone—  
By myriad firesides everywhere.

He loved us! Swift our torches light  
With the bright fire his courage gives;  
We shall not falter in the fight,—  
Roosevelt is dead. His spirit lives.

*Robert Gordon Anderson*

#### HE CAME FROM OUT THE VOID

HE came from out the void  
Buoyed upon the surging tides.  
He braved the West,  
Defied the wide frontiers;  
He trekked the continents  
And enthroned his name  
Among the white, the black, the brown, the  
yellow men.  
He trod the frond,

Fording the darkened streams  
That glide through jungles  
To the tropic sea.  
He spanned the globe,  
He swept the skies,  
And moved beneath the waters of the deep.  
He entered all the portals of the world,  
A vibrant, thrilled, exhaustless, restless soul;  
Riding at last the very stars—  
Asleep.

*Robert H. Davis*

#### MR. VALIANT PASSES OVER

(January 6, 1919)

WHEN the Post came, and told him that  
at last

The pitcher that so faithfully and long  
Had served his fellow creatures in their  
thirst

Was broken at the fountain, Valiant said:  
"I am going to my Fathers; and although  
Not easily I came to where I am,  
My pains upon the journey were well spent.  
My sword I give to him who shall succeed  
My pilgrim steps upon the Royal Road;  
My courage and my skill I leave to him  
Who can attain them—but my marks and  
scars

I carry with me for my King to see  
As witness of his battles that I fought."

As he went down into the river, many



Stood on the bank, and heard him say,  
"O Death,  
Where is thy sting?" And as the water  
grew  
Deeper— "O grave, where is thy victory?"  
So he passed over, and the trumpets all  
Sounded for him upon the other side.

*John Bunyan, did you laugh in Paradise  
For joy to-day, to see your dream come true?  
Amelia Josephine Burr*

## ROOSEVELT

(Lines read at the Harvard Club, New York,  
on February 9, 1919)

LIFE seems belittled when a great man  
dies;  
The age is cheapened and time's furnishings  
Stare like the trappings of an empty stage.  
Ring down the curtain! We must pause,  
go home  
And let the plot of the world reshape itself  
To comprehensive form. Roosevelt dead!  
The genial giant walks the earth no more,  
Grasping the hands of all men, deluging  
Their hearts, like Pan, with bright  
Cyclopean fire  
That dizzied them at times, yet made them  
glad.  
Where dwells he? \_ Everywhere! In cot-  
tages

And by the forge of labor and the desk  
Of science. The torn spelling-book  
Is blotted with the name of Roosevelt,  
And like a myth he floats upon the winds  
Of India and Ceylon. His brotherhood  
Includes the fallen kings. Himself a king,  
He left a stamp upon his countrymen  
Like Charlemagne. Yes, note the life of  
kings!

A throne's a day of judgment in itself  
And shows the flaw within the emerald,  
For every king must seem more than he is,  
Ambition holds her prism before his eye,  
Burlesques his virtues, rides upon his car  
Clouded with false effulgence, till the man  
Loses his nature in a second self,  
Which is his rôle. Yet Theodore survived—  
Resumed his natural splendor as he sank  
Like Titan in the ocean.

The great war

Was all a fight for Paris—must she fall  
And be a heap of desolation ere  
Relief could reach her? Sad America  
Dreamed in the distance as a charmed  
thing  
Till Roosevelt, like Roland, blew his horn.  
Alone he did it! By his personal will.  
Alone—till others echoed—bellowing  
From shore to shore across the continent  
Like a sea-monster to the sleeping seals

Of Pribolov. Then, slowly waking,  
The flock prepared for war. 'Twas just in  
time!

One blast the less and our preparedness  
Had come an hour too late.

Aye, traveller,  
Who wanderest by the bridges of the Seine,  
Past palaces and churches, marts and streets,  
Whose names are syllables in history,  
'Twas Roosevelt saved Paris. There she  
stands!

Look where you will—the towers of Notre  
Dame,

The quays, the columns, the Triumphal  
Arch—

To those who know they are his monument.

*John Jay Chapman*

#### CLOSE UP THE RANKS!

**G**ENTLY Death came to him and bent  
to him asleep;

His spirit passed, and, lo, his lovers weep,  
But not for him, for him the unafraid—  
In tears, we ask, "Who'll lead the great  
crusade?"

"Who'll hearten us to carry on the war  
For those ideals our fathers battled for;  
To give our hearts to one dear flag alone,  
The flag beloved whose splendid soul has  
flown?"

With his last breath he gave a clarion cry:  
"They only serve who do not fear to die;  
He only lives who's worthy of our dead!  
Beware the peril of the seed that's spread

"By them who'll reap a harvest of despair,  
By them whose dreams unstable are as air;  
By them who see the rainbow in the sky,  
But not the storm that threatens by and  
by."

Our leader rests, his voice forever still,  
But let us vow to do our leader's will!  
Close up the ranks! Our Captain is not  
dead!  
His soul shall live, and by his soul we're led;

Led forward fighting for the real, the true,  
Not turned aside by what the dreamers do.  
If he could speak he would not have us weep,  
But souls awake whose Captain lies asleep.

*Edward S. Van Zile*

### GONE IS ULYSSES

**G**ONE is Ulysses! From his native  
shores,  
Which knew and loved his tread, his bark  
has pushed,  
Urging a path through waves and ways  
unknown.  
Gone is Ulysses! How his eager soul,

Forever questing where high virtue gleamed,  
Led us to newer conquests, further peaks  
From which our eyes beheld still wider  
views!

He gave us vision when our souls were  
cold;

Gave us his own most ardent zeal for truth,  
For justice, for our nation's name and fame!  
Gone is Ulysses! Have we heart to sing  
His perfect praise? One fine memorial—  
His race's reverent love—attests his worth;  
"Most blameless he," and so he needs not  
praise.

"Death closes all"? Ah, no: to such an  
one

Death brings new life—if here or there, who  
knows?

One thing is sure: his purpose holds for us.  
That newer world he sought is ours to seek—  
A world of justice, kindness, and truth,  
Founded on steadfast honor, swept by airs  
Of purest freedom. This, his noble aim,  
He leaves to us, a priceless legacy—  
A lodestar! Let us follow it, and him!

*Marie L. Eglinton*

### OUR COLONEL

DEEP loving, well knowing  
His world and its blindness,  
A heart overflowing  
With measureless kindness,

Undaunted in labor,  
    (And Death was a trifle),  
Steel-true as a sabre,  
    Direct as a rifle,

All Man in his doing,  
    All Boy in his laughter,  
He fronted, unruing,  
    The Now and Hereafter,

A storm-battling cedar,  
    A comrade, a brother—  
Oh, such was our Leader,  
    Beloved as no other!

When weaker souls faltered  
    His courage remade us  
Whose tongue never paltered,  
    Who never betrayed us.

His hand on your shoulder  
    All honors exceeding,  
What breast but was bolder  
    Because he was leading!

And still in our trouble,  
    In peace or in war-time,  
His word shall redouble  
    Our strength as aforetime.

When wrongs cry for righting,  
    No odds shall appall us;

To clean, honest fighting  
Again he will call us,

And, cowboys or dough-boys,  
We'll follow his drum, boys,  
Who never said "Go, boys!"  
But always said "Come, boys!"  
*Arthur Guiterman*

### ROOSEVELT, THE LEADER

*"I WAS ever a fighter, so—one fight more  
The best and the last!  
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes,  
and forebore  
And bade me creep past;  
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my  
peers  
The heroes of old."*

From her red veins the Mother fashioned  
him  
In gay mood of her richest burgeoning;  
No stinting made she of her treasure-house,  
But moulded him to quick warm sympathies,  
To valiant purposes, broad-shouldered  
deeds.

Into his heart she poured her flaming East,  
Wine of her West, her North, her tremulous  
South;  
Matched in him glory of a Continent,

Made him of clay and star-dust—gave him  
feet  
And wings. Like molten flame she poured  
her light,  
Sent him swift sight to captain our stern  
need,  
To cleanse with laughter our too heavy air,  
To take away the scorn of common things,  
To give the cup of water to the dog,  
To lead unspeaking children by the hand.

Like writhing spawn, like serpents of the  
slime,  
He shook the cowardices from our hearts  
And startled us to seeing; sternly he taught  
The measure of true manhood, unafraid  
Largely to love and valiantly to hate—  
This flinger-back of creeping littleness,  
This scorner of the underbrush of thought.

This was thy son, America—this man  
Wrought in a furnace of thy fashioning.  
Unsparingly his blade of spirit cut  
Into our shams and foul hypocrisies.  
This was thy son, formed from the roots of  
earth,  
And from the lifting tree-tops—this, thy son,  
Fashioned of brawny stuff, of elements  
Not of perfection, but warm humanness—  
No haloed saint but every inch a man,  
Mixed with the lightning, thunder, with the  
night and dawn—



Of great compassion, of un pitying scorn;  
With unblind eyes, seeing new paths to  
break,  
He followed far, a burning Galahad—  
This man of vision with the childlike heart!

Earth is the poorer for his passing—earth  
Richer for that he stayed with us awhile;  
And some uncharted star-space is come  
bright

With pleasure of his presence.  
Eagerly he went from us, as he had lived—  
Swiftly and passionately as of old;  
Impatient to search out new eagle trail,  
Glimpsing the far horizons, how should he  
Go else than swiftly into reddening dawn?

Here on the common way was all the stuff  
Whereof he built his heaven; somewhere  
must be

Lightness and cheer and sight of homely  
things--

Of pipe and dog and children at their  
play. . . .

Surely his kindred greet him in the halls  
Of the high-hearted at some festive board  
Deep in Valhalla, while a shout rings out,  
A pledge of fellowship—song by the fire—  
“Skoal! skoal! skoal! Our Leader has  
arrived!

Our Champion strong, our fearless fighting  
Man!”

In fine and simple manliness he grasps  
Hands with heroic hands, he who had need—  
“Need of the sky and business with the  
grass”—

And fine brave business with his fellow men.  
And with quick hands they welcome him—  
the hosts

Of those gone forth in battle for the Right—  
In some new France to lead his Volunteers,  
In some new sky to find his Flying Boy!

*Mary Siegrist*

TO FRASER'S DEATH-MASK OF  
ROOSEVELT

CAN this be your face, this whose calm  
repose

Portrays no presence but cold, dreamless  
sleep

Where frown or laughter never more will  
creep,

Wrinkling, about the eyes Death sighed to  
close?

Ah, Roosevelt, when your shining spirit rose  
It carried with it to the unknown deep  
Something the outworn visage could not  
keep,

But each man's heart who loves you keeps  
and knows.

Something of blended energy and mirth,  
Of will to work, and lust to laugh and love,

Something that scorned false pride and  
knew not fear.

This is not you, this bit of smooth, still  
earth,

For you walked straightway to the Throne  
above

And asked God cheerily, "What's to do up  
here?"

*L. Upton Wilkinson*

### THE STAR

(Theodore Roosevelt: Epiphany, 1919)

**G**REAT soul, to all brave souls akin,  
High bearer of the torch of truth;  
Have you not gone to marshal in  
Those eager hosts of youth?

Flung outward by the battle's tide,  
They met in regions dim and far;  
And you—in whom youth never died—  
Shall lead them, as a star!

*Marion Couthouy Smith*

### THE CONSOLER

(The statue of Lincoln at the Court-house,  
Newark, N. J.)

**I** SAW the great bronze Lincoln, strong,  
serene,  
Seated above the turmoil of the street,  
The restless life-tides rolling to his feet—  
A shrine of rest in all that shifting scene.

I longed to run to him—as children do  
 In wistful play, with reverence unex-  
 pressed—  
 Climb to his knees, and lean upon his  
 breast,  
 To seek him in my grief, and find him true;  
  
 To cry to him, “Roosevelt is dead—is dead!  
 Oh, have you known? Our mighty  
 leader sleeps!”  
 And then to hear, within my own heart’s  
 deeps,  
 His voice, and feel his touch upon my head—

Calming the tumult of my spirit’s woe—  
 Speaking on God’s behalf: “Peace, peace  
 to you!  
 Remember that He said, ‘What now I do  
 Ye know not, but hereafter ye shall know.’”

*Marion Couthouy Smith*

“GIGANTIC FIGURE OF A MIGHTY  
 AGE”

**G**IGANTIC figure of a mighty age!  
 How shall I chant the tribute of thy  
 praise,  
 As statesman, soldier, scientist, or sage?  
 Thou wert so great in many different ways.  
 And yet in all there was a single aim—  
 To fight for truth with sword and tongue  
 and pen!

In wilderness, as in the halls of fame,  
Thy courage made thee master over men.  
Like some great magnet, that from distant  
poles  
Attracts the particles and holds them fast,  
So thou didst draw all men, and fill their  
souls  
With thy ideals—naught caring for their  
past,  
Their race or creed. There was one only  
test:  
To love our country and to serve it best!

*Leon Huhner*

### HE HATED SHAM

(Recited by Julia Arthur at the Inaugural Meeting  
of the Memorial Roosevelt Church, St. Nicholas Church,  
Fifth Avenue, New York, January 25, 1920)

**H**E hated sham. His whole life through  
For virile truth he led the fight;  
When lies and slanders hid the view  
He fought through darkness into light.  
What though it cost him fleeting power,  
What though it shortened life's brief span?  
He saw the peril, seized the hour,  
And spoke the bitter truth to man.  
He conquered death. His work here  
through,  
He turned the light out, unafraid,  
If but he had God's work to do,  
And trod the dark path, undismayed.

He is not dead; he's only gone  
 A bit ahead. Lo! in the van  
 His sturdy spirit still fights on  
 And points the way of truth to man!

*John W. Low*

“HE IS ALL OURS”

(Written by request for the Roosevelt Memorial Meeting at Concord, N. H., February 9, 1919)

**I**F I could forge you verses that would ring  
 Like sledges on the anvil, I would sing;  
 The song should be a pæan, not a dirge;  
 It should have all the tumult and the surge  
 Of endless waters charging up the rocks;  
 It should be loud with trumpets; reel with  
 shocks  
 Of meeting arms. Then he that sings would  
 twist  
 His thoughts into a sentence like a fist,  
 To strike Death in the face, and boldly say,  
 “You cannot take this man of men away;  
 He is all ours, and we will keep him here,—  
 A torch, a sword, a battle-shout, a cheer!”

Our Theodore was fit to be a pal  
 Of England's best-loved king, her brave,  
 bluff Hal;  
 Who ran to every task, as to a sport;  
 Who leaped, a lion with lions, at Agincourt;  
 But prayed to God it yet might be his lot  
 To put a fowl in every peasant's pot.

When God makes men like these, He takes  
a mould  
Large as the world, and stints not with His  
gold.  
He says: "I make a man in every part;  
I throne the royal head upon the royal  
heart."  
*Wendell Phillips Stafford*

## CID OF THE WEST

(The author of this poem is ninety-one years of age.  
An autograph copy handsomely framed has been presented to the Association for hanging in Roosevelt House. EDITOR.)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(Died at daybreak, January 6, 1919)

**K**NELL nor deep minute-gun gave the  
world warning;  
Silent as sunrise he sped on his way;  
Dark nor delay for him,  
Over earth's dusky rim  
Into God's Open at breaking of day!  
Friend of the humblest man, peer of the  
highest,  
Knight of the lance that was never in  
rest—  
O there are tears for him,  
O there are cheers for him—  
Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

Lion-heart Leader, vowed to humanity,  
Braving the heights for his brothers below,

Earth will his impress bear  
 Long as she swims in air—  
 Ocean wed ocean, the wild river flow!  
 Fervent American, service was joy to him,  
 God, Home and Country were shrined in  
 his breast;  
 Songs will be sung for him,  
 Banners outflung for him—  
 Liberty's Champion, Cid of the West!

*Edna Dean Proctor*

### THE DEATH OF ROOSEVELT

**O**UT of the West the Wind,  
 Out of the night the Word,  
 The giant trees on the hills bent low,  
 And the souls of men were stirred.

A tremor shook the earth,  
 A message moved the sea,  
 And round the world ran the prescient  
 thrill  
 Of dread calamity.

The morning flashed the truth,  
 The earth gave back a cry,  
 A cry as old as the grief of man,—  
 "How do the Mighty die?"

"A smitten battleship,  
 Fearless we see him go,—  
 But what of the fight on the sunset sea?  
 What of the conquering foe?"



The West-Wind cried, "He slept!—  
 And lo, a mystery—  
 There was no fight as the sun went down,  
 There was no Enemy."

"The darkened Dreadnought moved  
 To th' eternal deep,  
 And drifted out on the moonless tide,  
 Convoyed by Death and Sleep."

Silent the great West-Wind,  
 Sorrow on earth and sea,  
 But there was a song in the soul of man,—  
 Of victory.

*Theresa Virginia Beard*

#### MASTER OF HEARTS OF MEN

**M**ASTER of hearts of men that justice  
 seek,

Audacious, proud, intolerant; with right  
 In thought and deed, the oil that fed the  
 light

Flaming within you; comrade of the meek;  
 Friend of the crushed; contempt of them  
 that reek

Of profit by the exercise of might;  
 Lover of jungle, prairie, mountain height,  
 Before your bier we stand and cannot speak !

Not always have we heeded when your  
 hand,

Rough with large usage, through perplex-  
 ing days

Would guide; not always could we understand

Your brusque invasion of our easy ways;  
Yet we shall miss the word of sharp command,

The impassioned speech, enthralling  
though it flays.

*John Lincoln Blauss*

## PILOT AND PROPHET

### I

ON what divine adventure has he gone?

Beyond what peaks of dawn

Is he now faring? On what errand blest  
Has his impulsive heart now turned? No  
rest

Could be the portion of his tireless soul.

He seeks some passionate goal

Where he can labor on till Time is not,  
And earth is nothing but a thing forgot.

### II

Pilot and Prophet! as the years increase  
The sorrow of your passing will not cease.

We love to think of you still moving on  
From sun to blazing sun,

From planet to far planet, to some height  
Of clean perfection in the Infinite,

Where with the wise Immortals you can find

The Peace you fought for with your heart  
and mind.

Yet from that bourne where you are jour-  
neying

Sometimes we think we hear you whispering,  
"I went away, O world so false and true,  
I went away—with still so much to do!"

*Charles Hanson Towne*

### HALF-MAST THE FLAG

(Memorial Day, February 9, 1919)

**H**ALF-MAST the flag, and let the bell be  
tolled:

A tower of strength he was, whose  
presence drew

The people around him, and to-day is rolled

A wave of unaccustomed sorrow through  
The land he loved; whatever now be said,  
The latest great American is dead.

How quick he slipped from us—this man of  
might,

Heroic courage, life-abounding ways!

When God's great angel in the silent night

Brought, though invisible to others' gaze,  
Some whispered message, he obedient heard,  
Left all, and followed him without a word.

We loved this man who loved not fame nor  
wealth,

But service, first; not perfect, nor divine,

But humanlike, and full of moral health,  
And prompt to look beyond the outward  
sign

Of race, or creed, or party, find the plan  
Of God himself, and recognize the man.

How true his vision was! And how his  
voice

Seemed as a breeze does on a sultry day!  
Long years ago he made life's master-choice,  
Like a brave knight of conscience, and  
always

Dared wield the club of language clear and  
strong

To shield the right and batter down the  
wrong.

He stood for honest purposes: unroll

The record of his years, you seek in vain  
For life's disfigurements—there lies the  
scroll,

No blots upon it, nothing to explain;  
But what is worthy and to all men's sight  
As open as a landscape to the light.

Farewell, great Soul! Thou surely wilt fare  
well

On that mysterious and adventurous way  
Which thou hast gone; in those realms also  
dwell

Truth, right, and honor, and God's love  
bears sway.

To these, as in our bounds of time and place,  
Thou art no stranger; they will know thy  
face.

There Washington and Lincoln stretch to  
thee

The hand of welcome; they are working  
still

For some high end as once for liberty;

Thou art at one with them in aim and will,  
The peer of them in doing well thy part,  
And their companion in the Nation's heart.

So lived this man, and died, and lives  
again—

A white dynamic memory in the land.

Oh, what a heritage, my countrymen!

He'll plead forever now, with voice and  
hand,

Our righteous causes, and his power will  
grow.

Cease tolling, bell, and let the bugles blow!

*Samuel Valentine Cole*

#### TOLL THE BELLS

**T***OLL the bells, toll the bells,*

*Let the world know*

*A whole nation's woe;*

*Toll the bells, toll the bells,*

*Solemn and slow.*

The knell it has sounded,  
A leader is dead;  
His brave voice is silent,  
His great spirit fled.  
Not now we praise him,  
Except by our grief;  
The future his virtues  
Will carve in relief.  
Over his pall  
Let our tears fall;  
Profound is our sorrow,  
Dark looms the morrow.

He spent and was spent  
For truth and for right;  
He gave of his best,  
He fought the good fight.  
The fight is not ended,  
For traitors still throng,  
Though he who defended  
His country from wrong—  
Who bore every test—  
Has passed into rest.

Bring garlands of flowers  
To cover his bier;  
Let not a coward  
Dare to come near.  
The man of the age  
Has gone from our ken;  
The world will ne'er see  
His equal again.

---

*Toll the bells, toll the bells,  
Solemn and slow;  
Let the world know  
Our love and our woe.  
Toll the bells, toll the bells,  
Solemn and slow.*

*Grace D. Vanamee*

### ROOSEVELT DEAD

**R**OOSEVELT dead! Suddenly there  
comes a void;  
A part of life itself is torn away.  
Gone are the endless, sudden hours he joyed,  
Gone is the vigor that has marked his way.  
Back through the varied years the memory  
goes,  
And through them moves his strenuous  
figure still,  
Tense with the life that never shrank at  
blows,  
Inspiring others with his force of will.  
What matters it that sometimes he was  
wrong?  
Those petty troubles soon die out in space.  
Say only this—his spirit great and strong  
Stirred up a nation to its worth and place.  
E'er challenging, he flashed across our page,  
The Cœur-de-Lion of the present age.

---

*Robert A. Donaldson*

“A MOURNING CLOUD LIES BLACK  
ACROSS THE SUN”

A MOURNING cloud lies black across  
the sun,

For all that you have been, that you have  
done;

A hundred millions left, and yet not one  
To take your place.

We need you, life-blood of the Nation's life,  
One who rang true when traitor thoughts  
were rife,

One who led straight through all the years  
of strife

And lying doubt.

Can you forgive those unforgiving years?  
The little men who voiced their little fears,  
To veil the cancered cowardice that sears  
A Nation's soul?

We should have known you, champion of  
the right,

Who stood alone, a challenge to the fight,  
To urge us on. . . . And silently, to-night,

We understand.

*Anonymous*

A BROTHER GONE

HOW can we manage with our Brother  
gone?

We smaller folk who looked to him to voice  
our voicelessness?



We have not lost him—he has but gone  
    ahead a little way  
To gain new knowledge and new strength,  
    new power to see,  
The end from the beginning,  
So that when next our earth be ripe for his  
    endeavor,  
He shall return and lead us on again, a  
    little nearer  
To the light that shines upon him now so  
    clearly,  
Making plain to him the path he trod so  
    manfully each day of all his days,  
We do not call him to come back from that  
    free plane where now he moves un-  
    trammelled—  
Unbeset by littleness, by envy of his power  
    to read our hearts  
And blazen forth the message that he found  
    there,  
So that those in highest place among us  
    needs must hear and heed,  
The will of us—the silent ones—who work  
    and think and feel,  
And are America!

*Gene Baker*

#### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

**I**N early years your valiant fight began,  
    When in the wilds you sought the  
    boon of health;  
Your spirit then revealed a brimming wealth

Of faith and force, which told the coming  
man.

In later days, more confident and strong,  
You chose to serve where public storms were  
rife;

You strove with zeal to free the nation's life  
From lust of office, greed and vested wrong.  
When flames of war enveloped half the world,  
When truth was throttled by a crazy king,  
You seized the lash and whipped us, loitering,  
And roused our might, till hell was back-  
ward hurled.

You proved a victor till your last life-breath;  
You could not stay the subtle warrior,  
Death.

*Thomas Curtis Clark*

DOES HE HUNT WITH THE GREAT  
ORION?

**D**OES he hunt with the great Orion over  
glad ethereal hills?

Does he soar with the gleaming eagle on  
the trail of his eagle son?

Does he seek out Time and the Sibyl in  
their nebula domiciles,

Dim outposts of creation? What race is  
now to run?

Does he follow the flame of Dante up the  
rapturous planet path

Through the shouts of the old crusaders,  
—like the cheers 'mid which he trod

---

When he fought the Faith's good battles,  
whirling his sword of wrath,—  
To the snow-white Rose of the Blesséd  
irradiate with God?

By Aldebaran the ruby and Altair the pearl,  
and by  
The golden-winged Arcturus in whose  
gaze the winters melt,  
Would we might in fair Greek fashion set  
a new name in the sky  
And commemorate a splendor with the  
star of Roosevelt!

In the heavens of our Republic shall that  
lodestar still shine clear,  
Pure glory of the spirit, all mortal shadow  
gone,  
The burning-hearted Patriot, more potent  
and more dear  
As forever through the darkness his lustre  
leads us on.

*Katharine Lee Bates*

“WHEN SHALL WE LOOK UPON  
HIS LIKE AGAIN?”

“**W**HEN shall we look upon his like  
again?”

The whole world echoes the despairing cry!  
No common clay could hold thee, prince of  
men!

Thy spirit burst its chains! It could not  
die!  
Thy soul upborne to worlds beyond our ken  
Lives on!

Though for thy fleshly form we sigh,  
Thy soul still speaks, as did thy mighty pen  
For righteousness! Thou didst exemplify  
The truth incarnate, justice, liberty!  
Equality, fraternity didst teach!  
O flaming torch of immortality,  
True beacon light thou art, whose rays shall  
reach  
The hearts of men, beyond the halls of fame,  
And unborn millions shall revere thy name!

*May L. Restarick*

### ELECTION DAY

(1920)

**W**E miss thy figure in the throng,  
O Knight, in silver armor clad.  
The white plume gone, that led so long,  
Why should we not be sad?

We hail the day that right prevails,  
Glad that once more is Reason here.  
Yet turn, to lay love's immortelles  
On our dead Leader's bier.

Our Leader! Still, O mighty one,  
Thy spirit guides us. Though afar,

Think on this little world of ours  
Who wast its brightest Star.

*Margaret Boyce Bonnell*

### FEAST OF THE EPIPHANY

(Theodore Roosevelt: *obit* January 6, 1919)

**I**T was Star-time when he died.

Twelve long nights from that first Christmas-  
tide,

By the chronicles of Bethlehem town,  
Guardian shepherds wandered up and down  
In the starlight, watching from the hill,  
Watching, wondering why the song was still  
That had promised mighty things to them  
From that low dark cell in Bethlehem.  
Eastward lay the signals of the dawn,  
Faintly roseate, heralding the sun;  
None could see the rhythmic dip and stride  
Of the desert camels, one by one,  
Nor that swaying caravan behold,  
Heavily rich with perfume, color, and gold,  
As it followed—followed—that strange guide  
Whose keen flame should light the altar-fire  
Of all days, and wake the appealing chime  
Of the world's song and the world's desire.

Ages passed: again the Christmas-tide.  
—It was star-time, dawn-time, wonder-time,  
When he died.

It was morning when he died.  
Died, we say?—When that immortal light  
Sank behind the horizon's golden bar  
Over the gentle hills of Bethlehem town,  
Was it death—the hiding of the Star?  
When the eternal heaven received its grace,  
When, in the infinite-spreading halls of  
    space  
That enkindling flame went down,  
Was there a sound of wailing, borne  
From tear-filled eyes and souls forlorn?  
No: the placid camels swung and swayed  
Back through desert-stretches; and each  
    heart  
That had watched the great light dawn and  
    fade  
In its infinite gladness bore a part.

It was Star-time when he died.

Twelve nights from the Christmas-tide,  
By the runes of Bethlehem town,  
As the hosts that shone and sang  
In the night went up and down  
Till the halls of morning rang,  
And the ages, all along,  
Keep the light, and hear the song;  
As, beyond the brightening East,  
With their rhythmic dip and stride,  
Came the caravan to the feast,—  
Through all times that ever are,  
We shall see and know the Star.

Death can hide not from our view,  
Death can take not as his toll  
Any part of that free soul  
That so long we loved and knew.  
Rest, great heart,—so great to love and  
give!

It was Star-time when you died;  
It is Morning—for you live.

*Marion Couthouy Smith*

### THE MEETING

“They shall mount up with wings, as eagles.” ISAIAH.

UPWARD and onward his brave soul is  
flying,

Above the world-tumult of sorrows and  
fears,

To the heights that are reached through  
the gate we call dying,

Beyond all our praises, our grief and our  
tears.

Down from the void comes the deep sound  
of singing;

Look outward and upward; who is it  
that sings?

Who comes on wide pinions, the love-  
message bringing?

Have we not known it—the Voice of the  
Wings?

Who comes with the rushing winds down-  
ward to meet him,  
Over the blue, and beyond the cloud-rift?  
Quentin the Eagle is flying to greet him,—  
He of the air, he, the strong and the swift.

Cease then your grieving and tears, for the  
knowing  
That One not alone has passed out  
through the night;  
For fair is the journey and joyful the going  
Where father and son have flown on to  
the Light.

*Ella Grandom Smith*

#### MY KINSMAN

**D**EAD!

The one word sped  
Into my heart as sinks the lead  
Into the bosom of the sea,  
Flung by a fisher carelessly.  
Then straight between my prism tears  
There intervenes  
Swift shifting scenes,  
A pageantry of finished years.

As through a haze  
I see,  
Indistinctly,  
A mighty city's maze,  
And as I gaze,



A boy asthmatic, frail,  
Wasted, pale,  
Yet driven by a force within  
To win.  
In him I see  
My Kinsman, striving sturdily.

The city's vapors fade and drift,  
And through a rift  
A cowboy rides in sun-bathed air,  
While everywhere  
The cattle graze on billowed plain.  
Then war with Spain,  
"To arms! One weaker needs relief!"  
The plainsmen heard,  
And at the word  
They come and call him Chief.  
Deep in the conflict's glare, I see  
My Kinsman, fighting valiantly.

Again the scene is rent;  
As President  
My Kinsman stands,  
Wielding power with simple might  
For right;  
While the great from many lands  
Offer homage, make demands,  
Yet by neither force nor word  
Is he stirred.  
Faithful as he feels his trust,  
All who seek him find him just,  
For he meets them, man to man,

World renowned or artisan,  
He, the great American.

My sight grows dim,  
For time  
And trouble climb  
The slope with him.  
Pillowed on his evening bed  
He turns his head.  
“Good night, . . .  
Put out the light”—  
No need of light for such as he,  
Full Kinsman of humanity.

*Carlos Day*

#### THE BEACON-LIGHT

**I**N the gray, dim light where Time is not,  
Where star-dust falls and dreams arise;  
A fearless soul winged its earthward flight  
And clove the space that veils the skies.

When His mighty plan unfolded slow,  
And the rage of battle shook the world;  
When the seas were strewn with wrecks and  
blood,  
And the flags of Right were almost furled—  
A voice rang out through the night of flame,  
That veiled the earth where death-lights  
shone,  
And called to men to awake, to fight!  
To give their lives to protect their own!

From sunlit plains in the golden West,  
Where tall grasses creep to the riverside;  
From snow-hung pines to the purple gulf,  
The nation rose, like a surging tide.

In that far-off realm where star-dust falls,  
That fearless soul stands guard, alone;  
While his message flames, a beacon-light,  
Protect this land that is your own!

*Murray Ketcham Kirk*

#### RESURGIT THEODORE

OUR champion, Great-Heart, answered  
the stern call  
To higher service. Straight the victors'  
cheers  
Were stilled. While throbbing anguish,  
burning tears,  
Revealed his sway within the hearts of all.  
Even those who cursed him, men who dared  
to brave  
His fiery anger as he dauntless stood  
In truceless battle for the common good  
Now pay belated tribute—at his grave.

To you, who long have seen, with vision  
clear,  
And, seeing, manfully have kept the faith,  
Is now vouchsafed a presence, yet more  
dear,  
Released from the impotent hand of death.

Our leader still, in very truth, is he:  
For us; and for the ages yet to be.

*Clarence H. Willey*

“THE HUNTER, TIRING OF THE  
CHASE”

THE hunter, tiring of the chase,  
Across the hills and streams,  
Has drawn his blanket to his face  
And lost himself in dreams.

The soldier, scarred and seamed by war,  
Is wearied of the fight,  
Nor all the thunders of a Thor  
Shall break his rest this night.

The orator, whose voice was heard  
Above the crash of day,  
Now—how we startle at the word,  
The word he does not say.

The statesman—he whose whisper rolled  
Through corridors and halls,  
Has sought the quiet, cloistered fold  
Of ancient earthly walls.

The author drops his heavy quill;  
What forceful words are penned?  
The whole world leans to read their thrill  
And reads but this:

The End.

*Edmund Vance Cooke*

“WITHIN THE TORRENT’S ONWARD  
WHIRL”

WITHIN the torrent’s onward whirl,  
there lies

A massive rock of granite, high and bold.  
Serene above the water ’round it rolled,  
How firm and free its rugged outlines rise!  
But though all-crumbling time its strength  
defies

A tender growth of moss makes soft the cold,  
Rough sides and dainty flowers find timid  
hold

On that high part most near the sunny skies.

So shall endure our hero’s endless fame,  
In bold relief above the human stream;  
So grand that years cannot efface his name  
And yet so true, our nation’s love supreme  
Clings ’round his life; and youth’s aspiring  
aim

Seeks foothold where his stars of glory  
gleam.

*Mabel Kinney Hall*

OF HIM WHO LOVED NOT REST

HOW shall we say “God rest him!”  
Of him who loved not rest,  
But the pathless plunge in the forest  
And the pauseless quest,  
And the call of the billowing mountains  
Crest beyond crest?

Hope, rather, God will give him  
 His spirit's need—  
 Rapture of ceaseless motion  
 That is rest indeed,  
 As the cataract sleeps on the cliff-side,  
 White with speed.

So shall his soul go ranging  
 Forever, swift and wide,  
 With a strong man's rejoicing  
 As he loved to ride;  
 But all our days are poorer  
 For the part of him that died.

*Helen Gray Cone*

#### WE MISS HIM SO!

**W**E miss him so! In clash of men and  
 things  
 While discord reigns and class and interest  
 jar  
 And futile voices clamor, loud and far,  
 And systems shake with overturn of kings  
 And loosing of old bonds; while crashing  
 rings  
 The storm of alien hands and thoughts,  
 to mar  
 And desecrate the Temple wherein are  
 Our things most holy; while still Cowardice  
 clings  
 To Sloth— Oh, for his voice to sound  
 the call!

Oh, for his arm to lift the standard  
clear,  
Where loyal men may throng to do  
or die!  
To lead us forth from farm and flat and  
hall  
To battle for the Right he held so  
dear!  
Oh, for his hand to brand the lie a  
lie! *William P. F. Ferguson*

## THE RIDERLESS HORSE

CLOSE ranks and ride on!  
Though his saddle be bare,  
The bullet is sped,  
Now the dead  
Cannot care.  
Close ranks and ride on!  
Let the pitiless stride  
Of the host that he led,  
Though his saddle be red,  
Sweep on like the tide.  
Close ranks and ride on!  
The banner he bore  
For God and the right  
Never faltered before.  
Quick, up with it, then!  
For the right! For the light!  
Lest legions of men  
Be lost in the night!  
*Harold T. Pulsifer*

## NOT DEAD

**W**E cannot think of him as dead.  
The halls of time will always ring  
With many a great and noble thing  
That echoes in his fearless tread.  
As loyally life's race he ran  
He was a true epitome  
Of Freedom and of Liberty,  
Praising alike both God and man.

How kind that Mighty Hand that spared  
A racking end. With rest more deep  
He gave to His beloved sleep  
And left a memory unimpaired.  
His name is like a torch on high,  
An oriflamme for all to see  
Who love his banner of the free.  
He is not dead! He cannot die!

*Minnie D. Wilbur*

'TIS NOT ALONE IN FLANDERS  
FIELDS

(T. R.)

**'T**IS not alone in Flanders Fields  
The poppies grow;  
To him who spent his life for us  
Comes Death's fell blow;  
Our greatest Soldier of the Right  
Is stricken low.



More dauntless spirit never beat  
In any breast;  
More valiant sword was never drawn  
On any quest.  
Now, wept by all who love the land,  
He sinks to rest.

We vow that we shall wage his fight  
Upon the foe;  
We vow that we shall keep his faith,  
Because we know  
'Tis not alone in Flanders Fields  
The poppies grow.

*McLamburgh Wilson*

#### WE NEED NO MARBLE SHAFT

**W**E need no marble shaft to rise  
To lift your glory to the skies;  
Nor do we need the painter's art,  
To show in you that lion heart;  
Nor copper plate, in bronze to read  
Your excellence in thought and deed;  
Nor statue, nor ensculptured cast,  
To mark your presence with our past.

You lived your life for such as we,  
You paid your price ungrudgingly,  
You gave us courage, strength to be  
Men, in the world's fight for liberty.

You brought new lustre to the stars  
Upon our banner's field of blue;

The white is pure, the red more red,  
Because we loved and trusted you.

*Hiram Moe Greene*

### THE STAG

A STAG—upon time's quivering heights  
he stood,

And sniffed the burning danger of the years;  
Herd-leader of a clean, all-conquering brood,  
Whose forebears blazed the trails of pioneers.  
The new Demosthenes!—work, play that  
cheers,

His creed; the seeds he sowed of brotherhood  
Shall grow to trees—an adamant wood—  
To stem the tidal-hate of hemispheres.

*Pro Patria!* his cry—unmoved, unbroken,  
He dipped his pen in fire to the end;  
His heart was like the oak, and honor's token  
He passed as coin to men; he was a friend  
Whose golden words shall live while speech  
is spoken,—

Bright battle-stars, when darkling years  
descend.

*J. Corson Miller*

### AMERICA'S TRIUMVIRATE

THREE masters among men our land  
has known:

A Washington, who came when Freedom  
spoke:

A Lincoln, like none else, and all our own;  
A Roosevelt, the heir to Great-Heart's cloak.

Let dedicated currency and coins  
Declare these as our peerage and our pride;  
These are the sons of heroism's loins,  
Of one who took Columbia for his bride.

Though each was born to lead a tragic day  
As heroes must, unto its fabled place  
With such a lineage, our nation may  
Fear not the future outcome of her race.

Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt,—what fame  
Nobler than repetition of each name?

*Isabel Fiske Conant*

RING DOWN LIFE'S MAMMOTH  
CURTAIN

RING down Life's mammoth curtain,  
gold and red,  
On the majestic Dead!  
Lay laurels on his head,  
Whose eyes went bravely smiling to the  
strife.  
In peace or war,  
For him no secret door.  
Heart-clean, and with clean hands,  
He fought upon the battle-ground of life.  
Sound ye triumphant bugles, blown by  
Youth,

As shibboleths of Truth!  
Swing out America's banner to the breeze,  
Commemorative of gallant memories,  
Entwined with deeds of his of tongue and  
    pen,  
And the grim hardihood of body's strength,  
Which made of him at length,  
Who had a master-mind, a man 'mongst  
    men.

Let the drums roll!  
Let the bells toll!  
A Soldier's borne along the ghostly ways:  
Silent in death he cannot hear our praise.  
The stalwart, storm-tossed oak has fallen  
    low.  
Defiant to Life's winds, and rain and snow,  
Death's lightning-stroke came down at even-  
    glow.  
Wherefore we pay him homage,—we who  
    loved him so.

Let the guns speak on river, coast and bay,  
And where the stern-eyed, Yankee dread-  
    noughts stray,  
Let thunderous salvos fleet,  
Let clanging, clamorous, booming partings  
    greet,  
Let epic tumults of applauding meet  
T. R., beloved,  
As he, with hurrying feet,  
Adventures out upon Death's lonely way.

Statesman, Patriot, Lover and Liver of Life,  
 From out the haven of peace, and across  
     the maelstrom of strife,  
 We will not say farewell;  
 Nay, visioning the Mystic Lily, white,  
 And stirred by dreams of the Sacred  
     Asphodel,  
 Perpetually bright,—  
 We say that even in death, life does not fail.  
 And so we call to thee,  
 Undauntedly and ruggedly  
 Armored in Life's good deeds and Love's  
     proud shining mail,  
 We call to thee,  
 And with a Nation's massed-up, mighty  
     shout,  
 We give thee HAIL!      *J. Corson Miller*

## APOTHEOSIS

ONE MAN SPEAKS:

**R**ESILIENT world, Gargantuan, pictur-  
     esque,  
 Blown by no breath of dire caducity,  
 World of gigantic, comic vanity,  
 Of shapes fantastic, lovable, grotesque!  
 Would that Cervantes, Shakespeare, Ra-  
     belais—  
 Prolific three—had lived to see the hour  
 When Nature's self put forth her comic  
     power,  
 Quixote's antitype of Oyster Bay!

O gargoyle shape! The smile dentiferous,  
 The cowboy hat, eyeglasses, and big stick,  
 The gesture of "The Luck of Roaring  
 Camp"!

Gay wilt thou live, timeless, vociferous,  
 Breathing the air of egotism thick  
 With Falstaff, Tartarin, and Mrs. Gamp.

ANOTHER ANSWERS:

Be still, thou ribald bard! Hast thou no  
 shame?

When thine eyes rest on one of Plutarch's  
 kind,

The scion of an elder race, art blind?

Be still and fear a living bush aflame

With puissant will; revere an august name

Which gallant boys in days to come will  
 find

In many a tale by new Froissarts designed  
 To prick clean hearts to court a shining fame.

Hark! what strange horns are sounding!  
 Silence, bard!

Siegfried and Roland from the welkin's dome  
 Their bugles blow, and bursting mortal  
 shard—

Earth's ashes to earth's ashes, loam to  
 loam—

Theodore the Viking journeys to Asgard  
 To find with the Æsir his empyreal home.

*Russell J. Wilbur*

## THE COURIER

(January 6, 1919)

THERE came a courier in the night  
Knocking at the door,  
And he who waited spoke but once,  
And spoke no more.

He who was ours for many golden years  
Was suddenly gone;  
And in our souls, because of him,  
A glory shone. *Margaret de Kay*

## WHEN HE DIED

IWOULD not sing his greatness.  
Stronger strings,  
With clearer tones than has my harp, have  
sung  
His strength and wisdom; sweeter voices  
rung  
With praise of his high grasp on mighty  
things.  
Nor would I voice the battle-smoke that  
clings  
About his name, which is writ large among  
Large names in History. I have no tongue  
To sound above the pæan a nation sings.

My loss is personal. I never knew,  
Nor sought to know him save as, from afar,  
I watched his shining, like a morning star.

But I would sing his rare unselfness. Few,  
 So highly placed, so keep that sweeter side.  
 I lost an elder brother when he died.

*Ethel Brooks Stillwell*

“WHOSE SPIRIT IS SPED”

NAY, we would not choose us a funeral  
 measure

To tell of his passing, whose spirit is sped,  
 Who has laid down his life as an overworn  
 treasure,

To walk the dim way in the halls of the  
 dead;

But rather the trumpet-note, surging and  
 singing

As keen as a sword from the scabbard  
 withdrawn,

Brave bugles, afar and insistently ringing  
 And calling his name, who is gone—who  
 is gone.

For we cannot feel him departed forever;  
 For we cannot feel that the great heart is  
 still.

Could Fate, in the maddest of impulse, dis-  
 sever

The thread of his life in this moment of ill,  
 When men in the daze of their doubts are  
 a-blunder,

And earth toward a whirlpool of chaos  
 is drawn?



---

We seek for a clear light—the darkness to  
sunder—  
Still calling his name, who is gone—who  
is gone.

When smaller minds doubted and mild  
voices quavered,  
When men at the helm knew not which  
way to steer,  
His hand, as he pointed the course, never  
wavered,  
His voice cried the issue, insistent and  
clear;  
'Mid petty contriving of petulant faction  
He held to the straight path and carried  
us on;  
And men, in the moment of need and of  
action,  
Call out on his name, who is gone—who  
is gone.

What counts it whose brow wears the laurels  
of glory?  
We look in our own hearts and read them,  
and know  
That when History's hand shall have written  
the story,  
The brighter his name in its lustre shall  
grow.  
The throb of his pulse through the nation  
is beating,

And now, in the dusk of our country's  
 new dawn,  
 As we look for our leader, our lips are re-  
 peating  
 Forever his name, who is gone—who is  
 gone.

*Dean Collins*

“I WONDER IF HE KNOWS IT”

I WONDER if he knows it—how the boys  
 are thinking of him,  
 The sturdy little youngsters who all idolize  
 and love him!  
 The kids that wear Rough-Rider suits or  
 play with Teddy bears,  
 Who charge a hill at sleepy-time when they  
 climb up the stairs—  
 I wonder if he knows it—why, the sorrow  
 of their feeling  
 Is full of all the balm there is and wonderful  
 with healing.

From olden thrones of Europe, and from  
 out the jungle's fastness,  
 From lands of snow and sweeps of sand  
 across the wide world's vastness,  
 Come messages of sympathy couched in  
 the words of state  
 That tell of horror at the act of frenzy and  
 of hate—

But, O, if he could know it—what the  
youngsters all are saying  
When by their little cots to-night they kneel  
down at their praying.

I wonder if he knows it—how the children  
ask for “Teddy,”  
For children’s hearts to show their faith  
are ever firm and ready.  
From golden California to the rocky coast  
of Maine  
The hearts of all the youngsters throb to  
sympathy’s refrain.  
I wonder if he knows it—how the boys are  
thinking of him!  
Unselfish, loyal little chaps—a world of good  
’twould do him! *Wilbur D. Nesbit*

#### HIS LAST WORDS

“**P**UT out the light!” Although the  
stars were dim,  
What need of feeble flickering lights to him  
In that high-altared hour? The touch of  
sleep  
Had brought remembrance of his tryst to  
keep—  
A morning tryst—with God’s gray mes-  
senger.  
No sound—no cry—no hesitating stir;  
His fearless soul long since had knelt and  
kissed

A waiting Cross; had borne it through life's  
mist  
From an unlighted lone Gethsemane  
To the Christ-hallowed crest of Calvary.

“Put out the light!” Men smile through  
falling tears,  
Remembering the courage of his years  
That stood, each one, for God, humanity  
And covenanted world-wide Liberty!  
The Nation mourns. Laurel the chancel-  
rail;  
Muffle the drums. Columbia's banners  
trail  
Their grieving folds; but memories of him  
flame  
And light the deathless glory of his name.

“Put out the light!” He needs it not who  
won  
A place of permanence within the sun!

*Edith Daley*

JANUARY 6, 1919

NOW let those slanderers whose tongues  
have said  
Things false of Roosevelt, living, face him,  
dead.

*Julian Street*

MEMORIALS

## THEODORE ROOSEVELT

(From a speech delivered at the dedication of Mount Theodore Roosevelt by the Black Hills Pioneers.)

*HE was a many-sided man, but four-square to all the world. A wise statesman, naturalist, author, writer of history, scholar, soldier, builder of standards, a man with a clean soul and dauntless spirit; whose watchword was duty, and whose life was one for right, for country and for God.*

*Such was Theodore Roosevelt.*

*Leonard Wood*

## HIS DAY

(October 27, 1858)

**T**HERE were Earth-men and Wing-men,  
But where was the wingèd clod?  
There were Dream-men and Thing-men;  
But who with a dream was shod?  
Give thanks when ye pray, my brothers,  
Give thanks for the day, my brothers,  
That brought us a master of Dream and  
Thing,  
A soul compacted of Earth and Wing,  
A Man by the grace of God!

There were Love-men and Sword-men,  
But none that was flame and rod—  
There were Hand-men and Word-men,  
And single the way they trod.  
Give thanks when ye pray, my brothers,  
Give thanks for the day, my brothers,  
That brought us a master of Hand and  
Word,  
A righteous servant of Love and Sword,  
A Man by the grace of God.

*William Samuel Johnson*

## IN THE COVE

**T**HERE'S a hill above the harbor  
Where ebbs and flows beneath it  
there—  
A small hill, a grassy hill.

The path is rough and steep:  
The pine-trees sing above it  
And creeping vines enwreath it there—  
The little quiet hilltop  
Where the Colonel lies asleep.

The encircling sea-gulls wheel above  
When winter gales blow over it;  
The song-birds build their nests there,  
And rabbits run and play.  
The locust-trees drop scented flowers  
And moss and myrtle cover it,  
And the wind brings whiffs of sea-salt  
From the whitecaps on the bay.

Close, close within the heart of home  
The soldier lays him down at last;  
Deep in the quiet Cove he loved,  
The hunter is at rest:  
The Heart of all the Nation sleeps  
Upon our tiny hill at last  
While all the trumpets sound for him  
Beyond the shining West.

*Mary Fanny Youngs*

#### SAGAMORE

THE birds fly low at Oyster Bay  
To drop wreath after wreath;  
And back and forth they wing their way—  
The pale snow lies beneath.  
The birds fly low at Oyster Bay  
To drop the laurel-wreath.



Beside the white birch, dark with sighs,  
I hear the evergreen.  
The birds descend. A shadow lies  
The circled trees between.  
Beside the white birch, filled with sighs,  
I see the evergreen.

And lo, above, and over all  
The frost-hung garden-plot—  
“Quentin,” I hear a manly call,  
“I would disturb you not”—  
“My father, know that best of all  
I love this garden-plot.”

“What, here for me, my youngest son,  
With wings of white and gold?”  
“’Tis I—come, hasten. One by one  
Love’s mysteries unfold.”  
“Quentin for me—my soldier son,  
With wings of gleaming gold.”

“The day is clear, the wind is right,”  
The boy replies. “Once more  
The trees are silvery in the light,—  
There’s silver on God’s shore.” . . .  
And side by side—the wind is right—  
They fly from Sagamore. *Coletta Ryan*

#### THE SHRINE OF THE LION

WHEN men, as pilgrims journeying,  
Have traversed earth’s wide spaces,  
With hearts elate and glorying,

In search of holy places—  
Where memories dwell of great ones of our  
    kind,  
Heroes of stalwart heart and steadfast mind,  
Who saw beyond the shadow of to-day  
The glory of to-morrow and its light,  
And with the sight  
Did greatly dare to cast their lives away:  
The Spartan Pass that saw Three Hundred  
    die,  
The Roman ruins red with martyrs' blood,  
The meadow by the marsh at Runnymede,  
The red-tiled towers of Worms where Luther  
    stood,  
The tree-crowned heights that sheltered  
    Washington  
When Valley Forge was his Gethsemane,  
And Lincoln's little house in Springfield  
    town,—  
Measures and marks of Liberty's slow  
    way—  
By this low hill at last they'll stand apart,  
Here by the Lion Shrine of him the Lion  
    Heart.

Hidden amid the great trees that he loved,  
And yet by but a little space removed  
From halls of state,  
From busy council places of the great,  
And crowded streets where simple people  
    moved,  
It stands as he stood, ever near to life,

And yet apart,  
Taking his full place in its eager strife,  
Yet holding in his heart  
A joy in God's free spaces, where the trees  
Mount to the sky, where every wandering  
    breeze  
Is full of bird-songs, where the stars are  
    seen—  
So stands his shrine these two great worlds  
    between.

Dark was the morn to which he came;  
The struggle ages old to make men free  
Had taken new form: new shapes of tyranny,  
Barons of trade, lords of the market-place,  
Threatened the land with shame,  
Threatened its liberty.  
But his the hand  
That brought anew our freedom to our land,  
And his the voice  
That bade our hearts, once trembling, to  
    rejoice,  
Till into those hearts he came to more  
    than kingly place.

Born to the purple, how he loved the poor!  
The common man held ever in his thought  
A large and growing place. He welcomed  
    to his door  
All who had knowledge of the way he  
    sought,  
And none so humble that he passed them by

Had they the word that hastened liberty;  
And none so great if only they would buy  
With coin of willing souls the things that  
    make men free.

Heir of a proud tradition, born to place,  
He knew no class or caste; his thought was  
    of the race.

He was a lion; like a lion fought,  
Where all might see, clear in the sun's full  
    light.

Others might seek the darkness, but he  
    brought

The battle to the day, to open sight,  
Till, baffled in the spoiling that they sought,  
The little skulking beasts of prey took flight.  
He taught bold kings their place;  
He fronted them with courage in his eyes;  
He showed the race,—

Men of far lands who never knew his voice,—  
The littleness of tyranny's old lies,  
Until their hearts grew brave to high em-  
    prise,

And weary throngs in new hopes found new  
    joys.

All, all is in the stone. A royal grace  
Inhabits every line. The high command-  
    ing head

Looks out in challenge to the brave he led,  
Knowing they hold the hope of all the race.  
Calling to deeds like his,  
Summoning men

To leave behind again  
The slow ignoble ways of comfortable ease,  
And battle on, regardless of the pain,  
Scorning as he the pain,  
To win for all, through justice, lasting peace.

So here is his lion symbol; here, serene and  
strong,  
With head held up to the sun, he waits the  
coming years,  
Waits the hour that shall come too oft as  
the ages throng  
When the heart of the race shall know once  
more the ancient fears.  
Waits the throng that shall come, the  
mighty pilgrim throng,  
With pilgrim hearts aglow, with pilgrim  
minds elate,  
Seeking the word from him to cheer in the  
battle long,  
When tyranny shall take new forms to vex  
the state.  
They shall come, the eager ones, where  
they see his challenging eyes,  
With their ancient summons to conscience,  
their summons to honor and right.  
Dreaming anew his dream, desiring his  
lofty prize,  
A nation that freedom knows and finds in  
freedom its might.  
Then deep in their hearts shall gather the  
courage that made him king,

While the zeal of his lofty purpose like steel  
shall armor their breasts,  
And the fire of his great compassion consume  
each self-born thing,  
Till each heart is itself a shrine where the  
Lion's spirit rests.  
And forth from the mighty presence will  
they go with arms made strong,  
To drive the fears again to the pit where  
darkness lies,  
Till the narrow trail he blazed is a highway  
broad and long  
To the heights where freemen dwell beneath  
God's ampler skies.

*W. E. Brooks*

### ROOSEVELT

**T**HE breakers pound the rocks and the  
combers pound the sand.  
Thunder echoing thunder, the white horns  
charge the land.  
And the wind, the gaunt night-herder,  
wheels on his pony white  
And drives his panicky cattle on through  
the fog and the night.

But high on the bleak, black headland the  
beacon flares to the sky,  
And the flames like banners clap and like  
bugles in battle cry.

And the sparks roar to the stars, with a  
    roaring louder than fame;  
And the hearts that they strike as they fall  
    tremble and burst into flame.

*Hermann Hagedorn*

### IN MEMORIAM

(THEODORE ROOSEVELT: 1858-1919)

**M**EN come and go, as comes and goes  
    the sea,

    A surging tide of life in many lands;  
And some strong waves are marked by  
    destiny

    To leave a lasting impress on the sands;  
Such was the force of him now mourned  
    as dead,

A thundering billow from the ocean's bed.

Or like a giant tree on topmost hill,  
    That in its falling shakes the very earth,  
He leaves a gap no other man can fill,  
    And bars our grief with sense of his great  
    worth;

His Nation's flagstaff still, the living tree,  
With roots firm planted in democracy.

Or as a mighty river, when it roars  
    Upon the canyon rocks that lie below,  
And of its never-ending volume pours  
    A force recaptured in the dynamo,—

He was alike the stream and instrument  
Through which the current of his age was  
sent.

His was the lofty scorn of turpitude,  
Of subtle frauds that forge a people's  
yoke;  
So deep his loving of the multitude  
He spoke the common speech of common  
folk;  
His was the courage evil to decry,  
And plainly brand the liar and the lie.

Direct of speech, still more direct of thought,  
He saw with lightning glance the evil  
thing,  
Nor ever rested till the fight was fought,  
And error poisoned with his verbal sting;  
His was the power the vicious to erase,  
And kill corruption with the perfect phrase.

Splendid his hatred, nobler still his love,  
The love of home and country, kith and  
kin;  
Nothing on earth he valued as above  
The praise of his own countrymen to win;  
Proud of the land that filled his soul with  
vim,  
His greatest pride that it was proud of him.

Called from the scenes alike of love and  
strife,



He goes at last to his eternal rest,  
Loved of the land that valued so his life  
It mourns him North and South, and  
East and West.  
Deep is the Nation's grief, and deep will be  
Our gratitude for his blest memory.

*George Douglass*

#### WHERE ROOSEVELT SLEEPS

**T**HIS is America! Within this tiny space  
Is more of our dear country than the  
mind can see.  
No splendid hall of fame, no proud imposing  
place  
Could hold so much of what we are or  
hope to be.  
This common hallowed ground, that keeps  
his precious dust  
Contains the bones of men whose fame  
has bloomed and blown  
Like some unfound wild flowers, who little  
dreamed they must  
Sleep side by side with him that kings  
have proudly known.

Let us go through the gateway, up the road  
of sand  
Lined on the right with evergreens that  
hide the fence—  
Graves on the hillside on the left, where,  
gaunt and grand,

A single pine uprears its head, grim, sere,  
immense.

A path leads to the left—a path not cut  
by hand,

But made by many thousand feet—wide-  
worn and bare,

Up to the summit of the hill, where locusts  
stand,

With gnarled, rough, thin-leaved branches  
sprawling through the air.

Here, at the crest, the simple, fenced-in  
square of earth

Where Roosevelt lies! . . . America!

. . . The man whose creed

Was writ in two small words, "My Coun-  
try!"—who, from birth,

Lived, *was* the spirit of the land he loved  
indeed;

Who added honor to the highest we be-  
stowed;

We gave, but he outgave us, for he gave  
us all;

That mighty, loyal heart, whose passion  
overflowed

Into us all, was ours at every beck and  
call.

No marble column, crowned with golden  
wreaths, uptowers

Upon his grave. A modest gray-stone  
tablet bears

His name. On either side, like guards  
through endless hours,  
Two cedars keep their watch—and what  
a watch is theirs!  
For in the coming years our country's  
greatest men  
Shall make their loving pilgrimage to  
this rude shrine—  
Shall climb this little hill to reach the  
heights again  
Where Roosevelt lived—and from his  
grave his life define.

The little people too shall come—those who  
still speak  
With tongues that stumble o'er the name  
they spell,  
But with unerring hearts that bring them  
here to seek  
Their foster-mother country's soul. This,  
too, is well.  
It proves his all-embracing greatness, and  
that they  
Who worship him are from life's poles,  
from every end;  
Within his giant soul he held all man,—  
could say  
To each who shared his love of country,  
“You—my friend!”

When later years have made the truth of  
him more true,

And taught us all to see more clearly his  
 great worth,  
 When grudging Time has focussed on his  
 life anew  
 An undistorted lens for all the eyes of  
 earth;  
 When we can see him in the starred striped  
 flag that flies,  
 And hear him in our nation's songs that  
 we adore,  
 From this small tomb his spirit shall go  
 forth—wise  
 To lead us in the paths of right forever-  
 more.

*Harry Farley*

### THE MINUTE-GUNS

Written at sea, on the transport Finland, January  
 5, 1918. During that day, half-hourly guns were fired  
 at all United States ships. Boston.

**A** STEEL-GRAY sky and a slaty sea  
 And frocks of white on the crests of  
 waves,  
 The scough of the wind and the swish and  
 the hiss  
 Of the swirling foam, and the beat and the  
 throb  
 Of the great machine, and the lacy roll  
 Of the heavy ship. And the merry chaff  
 Of the happy boys as they crowd the decks,  
 The whine of the shell, and the poisoned air,

The gaping wound and the smell of blood.  
The dreary ward and its rows of beds.  
And the great black cloud of the dreams of  
death—

These are the past, and the past is dead.

But amid the hum of the happy throng,  
The single gun with the measured pulse  
Of its grim, sharp crash speaks a people's  
grief,

And a people's love and a nation's pride  
In the brave high soul that has gone to rest  
From a life that knew but the joy of strife.  
The joy of strife for a noble cause,  
The joy of work for a better world,  
Of heart's blood spent for a high ideal;  
The joy of war for the good of man.

And as crash on crash echoes over the deep,  
The dull dead ache that benumbs the heart,  
The still, warm tear that bedims the eye  
Dissolve in the light of the triumph won  
By a high resolve and an unbent will,  
And the proud sure sense of the great re-  
ward,

The victory that with sun-touched wings  
Shall know not night nor the sting of death.

*W. S. Thayer*

THEODORE ROOSEVELT'S LETTERS  
TO HIS CHILDREN

WHAT happy, kindly memories fill  
This book—the best of tributes due  
him

Whose great, strong presence warms us still,  
The comrade loved by all who knew him!  
Whose written words the Man portray  
In Fatherhood to Boyhood turning,  
His children's chum in sport and play,  
In all their friend so well discerning.

For Childhood had its golden wont  
Within his home, its laws unbroken;  
The irksome admonition, "Don't!",  
By him, it seems, was rarely spoken.

The White House knew untrammelled joys  
That shamed its customs prim and  
starchy,  
When cataracts of little boys  
Came storming down the stairs with  
Archie.

Or Quentin, Friend-of-all-the-World,  
Along its hallways roller-skating,  
Conveyed his snakes, politely furled,  
To doubtful Congressmen-in-waiting.

And there were puppies, little cats,  
And lots of other pets and cronies,

Like pink-eyed rabbits, piebald rats,  
And lizards, guinea-pigs and ponies;

And feasts and mischief, birthday rites,  
Theatricals and Christmas gambols,  
With Presidential pillow-fights,  
And most exciting tramps and scrambles.  
They loved him most that knew him best,  
For still, our joys and sorrows sharing,  
"The bravest are the tenderest,"  
And still "the loving are the daring."

*Arthur Guiterman*

ODE IN MEMORY OF THEODORE  
ROOSEVELT

(Read at the Memorial Services held in Lyons, France,  
February 9, 1919, by the author, then Second Lieutenant,  
Infantry, A. E. F.)

A MAN has died. We pause to meet  
this hour  
Of reverent grieving,  
And see the empty road where once he led—  
This comrade of our youth, this man of  
power,  
Upon whose sudden leaving  
A something in each one of us seems dead.

He lived the wonder spirit of our land;  
He breathed the fevered zeal  
Of our own cities with their towering dreams  
Of brick and steel;

He breathed the glow of Arizona's sand,  
Barren, but glistening where the desert  
teems

With burning life. He heard the crying  
call

Of cattle-ranches far in Idaho,  
And in Dakota's summer grazing-plains  
He sought the hoof-prints of the buffalo.

Within his very veins

He felt the message of our soil, and all  
Our craving for the forest and the might  
Of giant-shouldered Rocky Mountain peaks  
Rising to touch the beckoning stars at  
night.

He breathed from sea to sea  
The fragrance of things infinitely free,  
And heard the endless miracle that speaks  
From every corner of our Motherland.  
Thus could he fling with tempered soul  
His life upon the world, and press his hand  
Up to the high fruition of his goal.  
His days in their torrential zeal of living  
Were but a flow of ever-candid giving,  
Until at last this aging man of fire,  
Whom sixty years made young with young  
desire  
Has died.

We pause before his shrouded bed  
And something in each one of us is dead.

*Rudolph Altrocchi*



---

IN MEMORIAM—THEODORE  
ROOSEVELT

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”!—God’s  
voice was heard—

Through chaos flashed the answering word—  
Light streamed on every mountain height,  
It gleamed into the valley’s night,  
It poured across all nature’s span,  
It sprang into the soul of man,

An incandescent vital force,  
Forthshowing its eternal source  
In ways ineffable and strange  
Through all the years of endless change;  
In humblest child of Adam’s seed,  
Its spark unconquerable was freed.

It flames and burns in prophet, seer,  
Who mighty in each age appear,  
To teach men how the living God  
Is found alike by prince and clod,  
To turn them on the righteous way  
That leadeth to the perfect day.

With such an one this land was blest,  
Whose spirit went on holy quest  
To find the ultimate of good  
For his dear country’s constant mood,  
His soul consumed with quenchless fire  
To see it reach “his soul’s desire”—

For this, aye ready with "the price  
 Of his own body's sacrifice"—  
 Now he doth calm and silent lie,  
 His work well done, we glorify—  
 Through all America is felt,  
 The blessed spell of Roosevelt.

*Annette Kohn*

### OUR ROOSEVELT

(Read by the author at the Dedicatory Exercises  
 of the Roosevelt Children's Park Memorial, on Molo-  
 kai, October 27, 1921.)

#### I

**G**RANT us grace that we may greet him,  
 Give us a word with which to meet him,  
 Homage to pay, with humblest mind,  
 That here he find  
 A homelike place where he may rest,  
 The eagle wearied from his quest,  
 The worker, finished with his task.  
 This boon we ask—  
 That though unworthily we praise  
 Even the sun that lights our days,  
 Ingratitude be not our blight,  
 Ere it is night.

#### II

Here on the heart of the heaving sea,  
 The Lonely Isle is no longer lone,  
 For here a thought of him shall be  
 Our very own!

The Lonely Isle—a strip of sand—  
Silvery shining in its sleep,  
Wave-washed and low, with sudden, grand  
Uplifting from the deep,  
Remote from swift and whitening sails,  
Apart from a world of worry and strife,—  
Shepherds shall dream in its happy vales  
New psalms of life;  
And here the healing of the world  
Be manifest to those whom Fate,  
Beneath relentless lightnings hurled,  
Hath left to wait;  
Here, too, the life of childhood be  
Joyous, purposeful, strongly felt,  
Inspired by thoughts brave, noble, free,  
Of Roosevelt.  
For here beneath the arching sky,  
And circled by the eternal sea,  
Staunch hearts are graved on Molokai,  
Loved Roosevelt, by thee.  
He needs no tribute, marble, brass,  
Whose name himself on hearts engraves;  
Glad generations, singing, pass  
Under Love's architraves.

*Mary Dillingham Frear*

### THE GRAVE OF ROOSEVELT

**H**E had found joy in these wide-reaching  
trees,  
This sun-warmed hillside ringed with sea  
and sky,

Where now, companioned by the stir of bees,  
Bird-wings and rustling grasses, he may lie.  
Here changing seasons guard him; Autumn's  
    faith—

Flaming across the fields—that time will  
    bring

Summer's fulfilment; that the gray, grim  
    wraith

Of Winter is the trumpeter of Spring.

Such was his wont when heavy cares  
    oppressed,

To seek a respite from the strifes of men;  
To turn, a child, to the earth-mother's  
    breast,

Then rise, Antæus-like, to fight again.

O reverent pilgrims toiling up the steep,  
Step softly, lest you break his well-earned  
    sleep.

*Snow Longley*

### SAGAMORE

**A**T Sagamore the Chief lies low—

    Above the hill, in circled row,

    The whirring airplanes dip and fly,

    A guard of honor from the sky;—

Eagles to guard the Eagle. Woe

Is on the world. The people go

With listless footstep, blind and slow;—

    For one is dead—who shall not die—

    At Sagamore.

Oh! Land he loved, at last you know  
The son who served you well below;  
The prophet voice, the visioned eye.  
Hold him in ardent memory,  
For one is gone—who shall not go—  
From Sagamore!

*Corinne Roosevelt Robinson*



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